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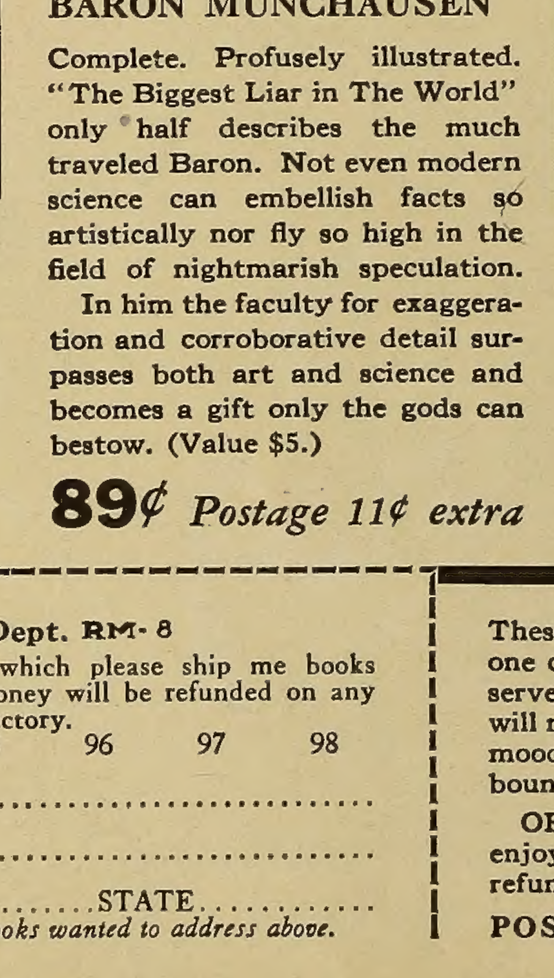

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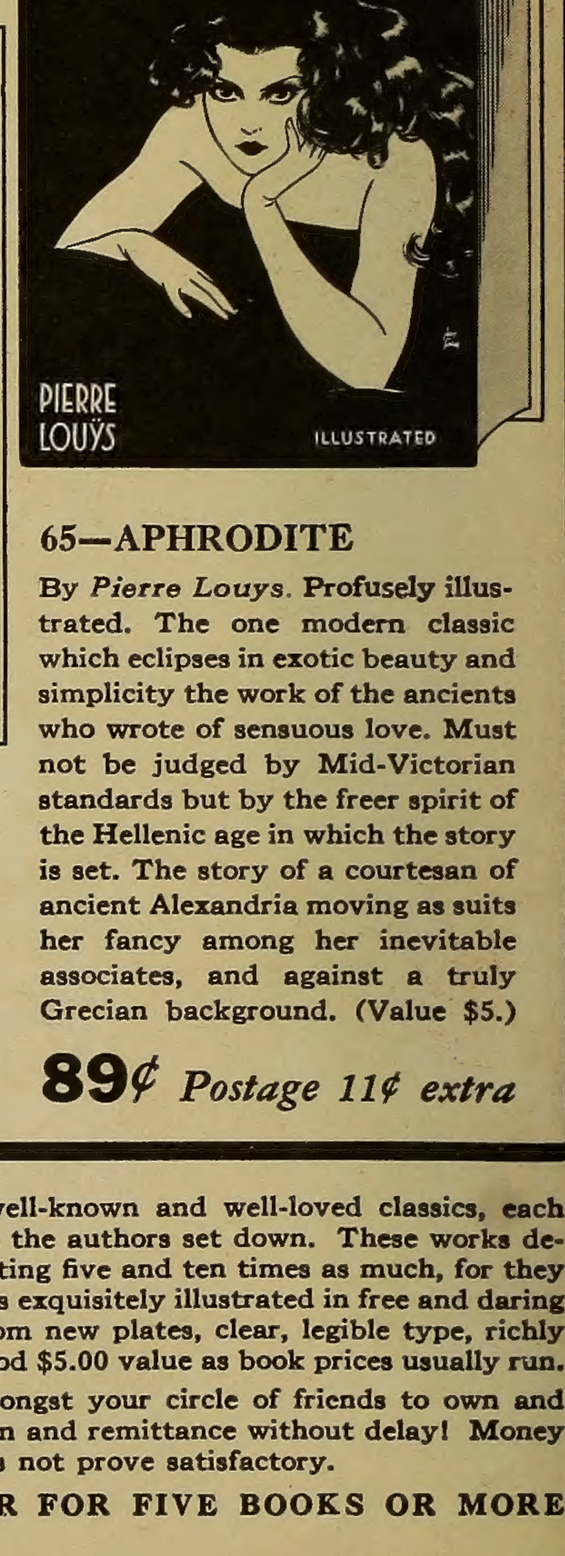

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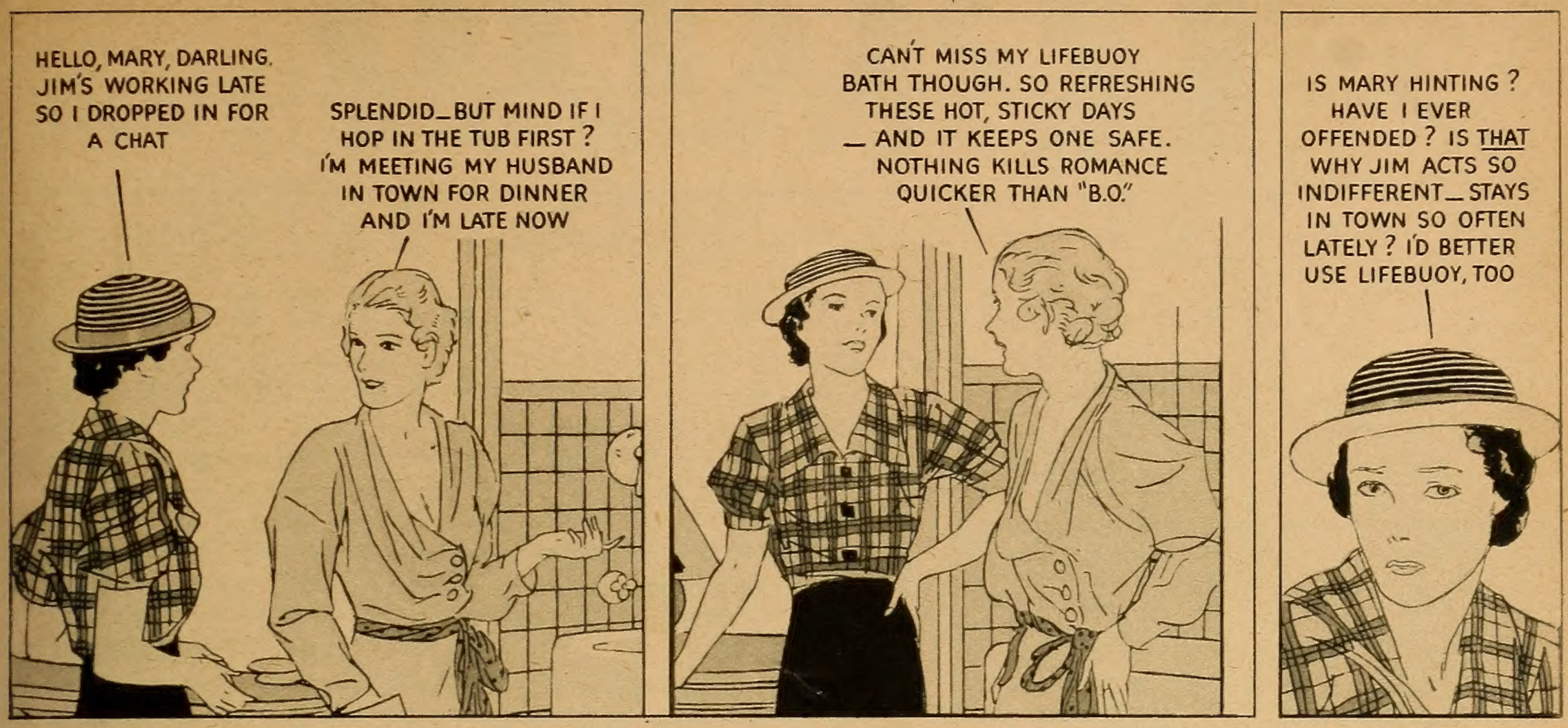

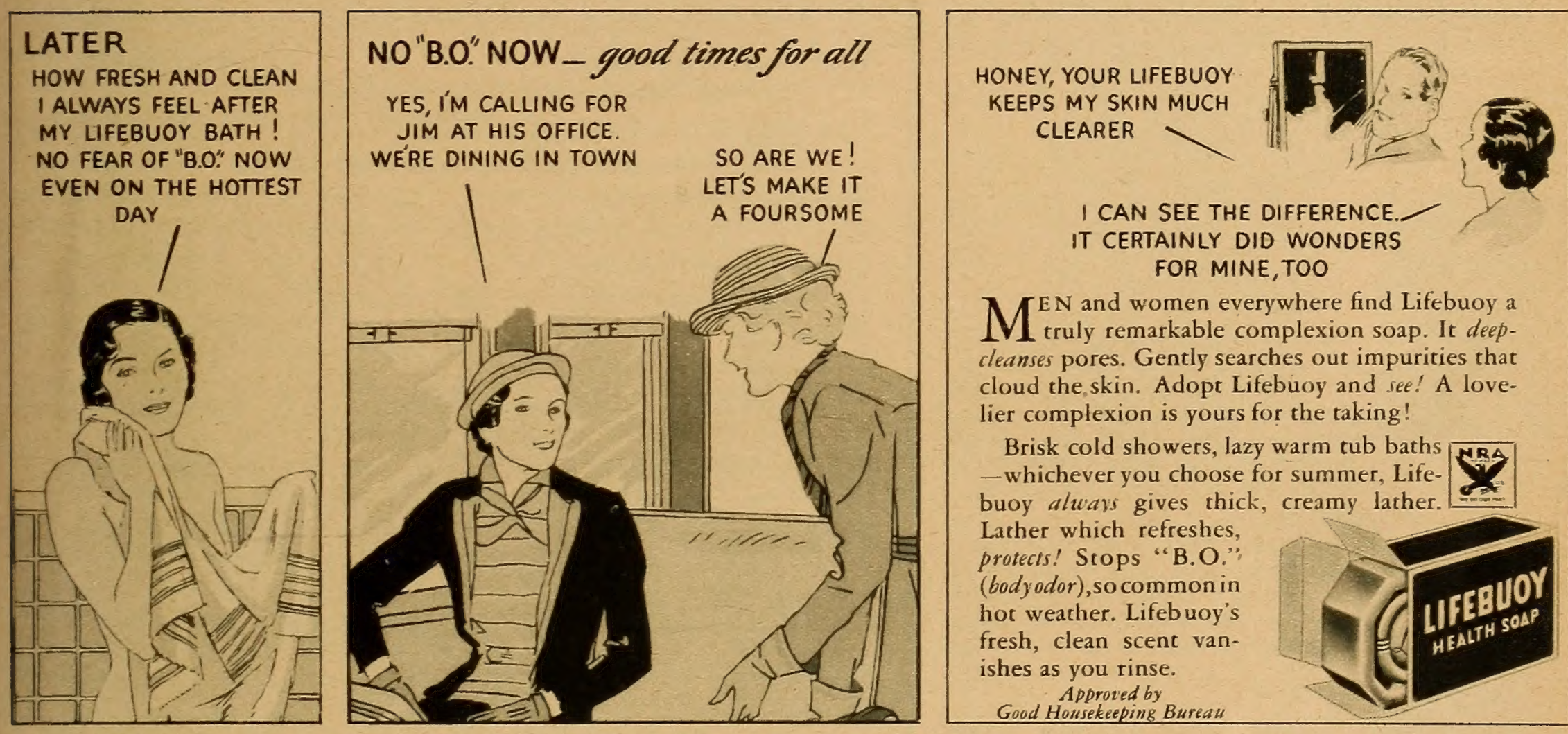

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Radio MIRROR

VOL • 2 NO • 4 AUGUST • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

special features

NEXT MONTH—The perennial troubadour, Harry Richman, man of a dozen careers and a hundred romances comes to you next month through the inimitable pen of Herb Cruikshank. Radio made the curly-haired singer, stage and movies took him up and now he's back at the microphone. Where he came from, what he thinks, where he goes will be told in a revealing, thrilling personality story in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

Born in India, Jessica Dragonette traveled all over the world before she was old enough to pick a career. But she sang since she first learned to talk. Pretty, talented, a good business woman, Miss Dragonette's history is the material from which novels are built. Read her real story first in the SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR.

There are so many musical Lombardo brothers they get in your hair when they're all assembled. But the prize offspring around whom the others congregate is Guy, handsome and successful. New notes dangle from his fingers, rhythm sways his body and ambition fills his mind. He'll tell you all about it next month.

You haven't heard anything until you tune in on Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, the irrepressible hilarity team of cinema fame who come to you for the month of August on the NBC chain from Hollywood. You'll laugh when you hear them but you'll be amazed when you read about them next month in your favorite RADIO MIRROR.

"What Made the Blue Singers Blue" may surprise you when you read some of the love stories and job-struggles of the girls who sing torch songs into the microphone.

Are you all excited about the adventures of Toby Malone, his red-headed stooge and his inspired, inebriated professor through their thrilling experiences in a new radio world? Next month, Peter Dixon takes you through more interesting romantic adventures of the trio as they find fame, love and trouble in the broadcast studios. Don't miss this thrilling serial story continuing in the September Radio Mirror.

That's only the beginning of what the next issue of RADIO MIRROR offers you, dozens of gorgeous new pictures, a score of entertaining features, new guides to culinary success n the Homemaking Department, a picturesque gallery of beautiful portraits, Gard's caricatures and more that you can read in your SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR.

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The BLUE-PENCILLING WISE MEN

So much has been written and said in derisive vein about the prudishness of those who censor the air shows that these appear to be persons who have not only lost their sense of proportion but their humor as well. That isn't fair. There have been occasions when the blue-pencilling seemed more a matter of prejudice and wisdom. But it is far better to err on the side of conservatism than to loosen the reins and have a situation which exists for the movie producers today. I mean the widespread condemnation, fostered by groups and important individuals in protest against the so-called immoral pictures.

The lid has been clamped down tightly against all suggestiveness on the air. The officials of all the stations aren't entirely altruistic about this. They have been forced into their extremely careful attitude by the Radio Commission which maintains a strictness in regulation which might cost the broadcasters their license if the rules were disobeyed.

Entertainers coming from other fields of amusement have been surprised at the limitations put upon their material. Jokes which have been getting them laughter from vaudeville audiences have been tabooed. Skits which have been humorous highlights in stage productions have been ruled out. Songs that were sensationally successful in movie vehicles have had their lyrics considerably altered before they were given an airing. So the radio censors have been labelled as prudes who neither know what's entertaining nor appreciate what's funny.

Broadcast programs are for home folks and the ditties which might amuse a night club patronage in Manhattan would insult a listening family in Iowa. The introduction of questionable dialogue or suggestive situations into movie entertainment has been a slow, insidious, laxity out in Hollywood. Each year the producers have been allowed to put something into a story or a characterization which wouldn't have gotten by in the previous season. And the same condition could develop in radio if there weren't the keen ears of the radio regulators in Washington to please.

One very popular actress negotiating for a big radio contract lost out in the negotiations when broadcast officials learned that certain important people in Washington frowned on her type of entertaining. They were taking no chances.

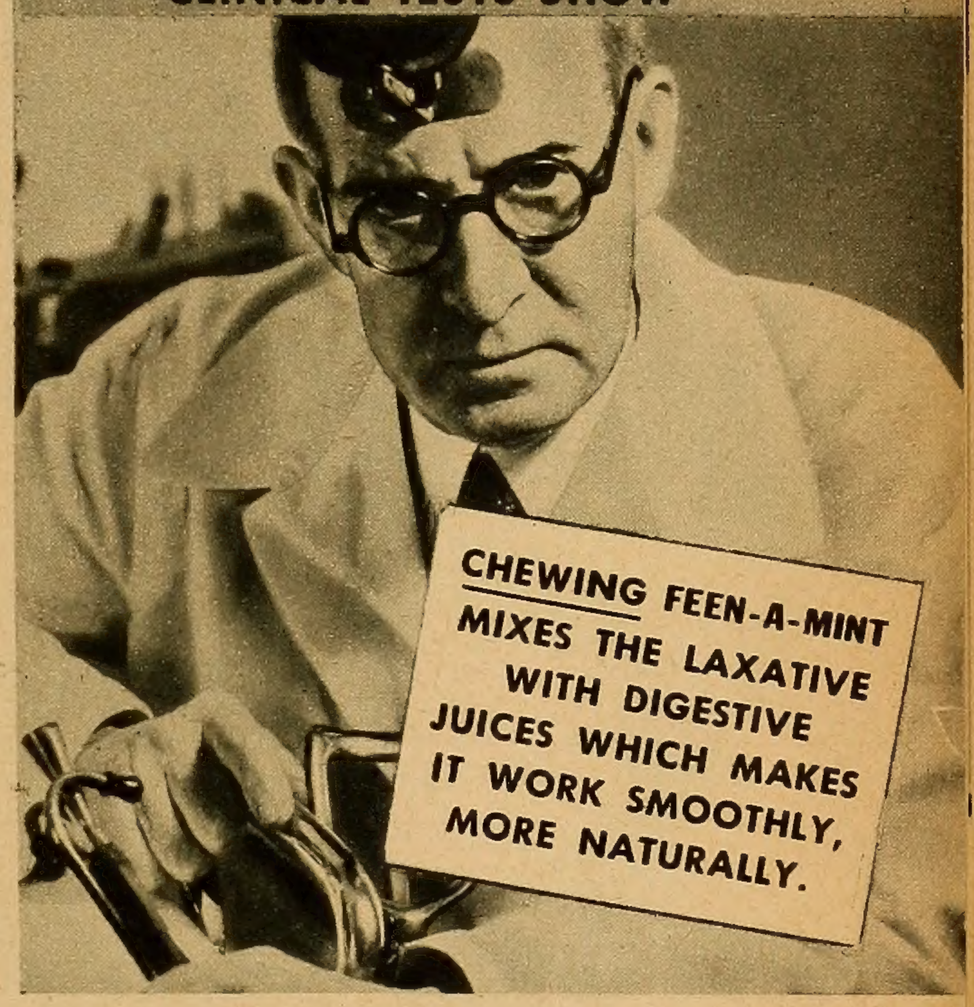
To keep a program clean doesn't necessarily mean it must be kept dull. There is no quarrel with the high moral standard of radio entertainment from any listening quarters but rather with the occasional low standard of well-laundered material. A lily-white gag can be amusing and a suggestive story can be boring.

The censors are doing all right by their public in keeping the air clean of smuttiness and of ruling out license. What radio really needs is more showmanship. The big stations and the big commercial accounts have corralled enough big names to attract interest to their programs. What they lack, in many cases, however, are the seasoned, experienced producers who will give the big names the kind of material their talents rate. And they seem awfully slow about getting round to that all-important feature of broadcasting good programs.

Julia Shawell

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS FIND CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEAL FORM FOR A LAXATIVE— CLINICAL TESTS SHOW



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The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

The Baron's

BY JACK

● Ready for a whopper the Baron opens his mouth and now listen for the lies he'll tell

Munchausen's lies are Jack Pearl's cake and caviar, and for the first time the famous comedian sets down the truth of a mirror meeting between himself and the imaginary character of hilarious gross exaggerations who brings home the bacon

THE Baron is such a liar!

I don't like to say it. After all, he's a pretty good friend of mine. But there's no denying that he is a dissembler, a fabricator, a sophist and a prevaricator. And that he's given to bombastic extravagances, hyperbolical exaggerations, magniloquent misrepresentations, fabulous falsehoods and whoppers.

He just doesn't tell the truth.

Now if Munchie were just a young feller trying to get along, there might be some excuse. And besides he has a background of good birth and breeding. Perhaps you thought he was just some low-lifer that roustabout-town, Charlie Hall, and his dissolute companion, Billy Wells, picked up in one of their disreputable haunts. But don't be deceived by the accent. In the Baron's veins flows noble blood. I never suspected it until one night I punched him in the nose, and, sure enough, the blood was blue.

Perhaps the only truth he ever told is that his family is famous back in Bodenwerder. No cracks—it's the name of a town in Hanover, Germany. They've lived there ever since Noah's Ark was a row-boat, and back in the 1700s his two-or-three-times-great-grandpa, Baron Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchausen fought with the Russian cavalry against the Turks. To this day the favorite dish of all his descendants is turkey, although they can enjoy a goose, too.

If this were the only heritage left by Hieronymus, who was a great guy when he had it, the present Baron might have been the Burgomeister of Bodenwerder, with nothing to do but yodel with the merry villagers and lap up steins of Lowenbrau. But it seems that after the Armistice between the Tsar and the Tsultan, Hiery wrote a book about his adventures, and knowing that his mighty deeds would not be believed anyhow, he told the tallest tales he could think up. And the book became a best-seller. However, he paid the price of fame, and so have his descendants, for his falsehoods worried him to such an extent that all his progeny were marked by an inability to tell the truth. And that's what's wrong with the Baron.

A while back I sort o' lost track of the Baron. Between programs I like to get away from him. His conversation gets to be a little bit of a strain. But one morning, while I was shaving, and thinking about getting back to broadcasting, I looked into the mirror, and there, large as life, stood the Baron.

"Well, where have you been?" I greeted

such a Liar

PEARL

him, and he gave that giggle of his and spluttered:

"I vas avay to see mein cousin Hugo."

I remembered the Baron telling me that he was working Hugo's way through college, so I asked:

"Is he still attending Penn-State?"

"No," said the Baron, "now he iss in der State Pen, and he's going to die."

"That's too bad, sick is he?"

"Oh, no, he's not sick, but der chudge told him he iss going to die. Allready they try to electocroot him, but he blows der fuse oudt. So now they hang him."

"That's shocking!" I exclaimed.

"Dot's chust vhat Hugo said about der electocrootion chair!" was the reply.

"But how did it happen," I inquired.

"Vell, one night Hugo vass on his vay to vork, but he said his wooden leg hurt him . . .

"His wooden leg hurt him? Now, Baron, how could that be?"

"His vife hit him on der head mitt it. But anyvay he vent to vork, and there he vass attending to his business, vhen der cop arrested him."

"That's an outrage!" I said indignantly, "the poor chap attending to his business, and the police take him! What is his business?"

"Oh," said the Baron, "He's a burglar!"

"Well, even if he's guilty, don't you know they can't hang a man with a wooden leg in this state?" I told him.

"Yes, I know dot," giggled the Baron, "they ain't going to hang him with a wooden leg, they use rope."

"Come to think of it, Hugo used to pack a gun. I guess he's the only member of your family who knows how to shoot one, isn't he?"

"I should say so not," bristled the Baron, "I am der greatest shooter mitt a gun in all der family. Vhy my favorite passtime as a boy vass to shoot tigers in Africa."

"Baron," I remonstrated, "I know, and you should know, that there are no tigers in Africa."

"Sure there ain't," he said, "I killed them all! Und, anyway, vass you dere, Sharlie, I mean Jack?"

"Where did you learn to shoot?" I asked.

"In der Army," he replied, and then I knew I had him.

"So you shot tigers in Africa when you were a boy, but you learned to shoot in the Army. I suppose you enlisted as a baby?"

"How did you know?" was the response, "I vass in der Infantry!"

I gave up. Anything to change the subject. So I ventured:

(*Continued on page 77*)

● Munchausen fancies blondes, or so it would seem from this little photograph

IT must be the influence of May Singhi Breen that is causing so many practical jokes to be played on Radio Row. NBC's Ukulele Lady is an incorrigible joker and spends half her time thinking up hoaxes to perpetrate on friends. Any way, there has been an epidemic of such things lately. Among recent victims are the De Marco Sisters, George Olsen, the band master, and Arthur Boran, the impersonator.

The De Marcos opened up a letter and found a $10 bill. The sender represented himself as an admirer and told them to buy a dinner on him. They did and when they tried to pay the bill with the ten spot learned it was a counterfeit. Two days later they got another letter from the same man. "Ha, ha", he laughed, "I hear you found that money as phoney as your voices". Which seems like carrying a joke to disagreeable and disgusting extremes.

A man, very effusive, rushed up to George Olsen in the studio and grabbed him by the hand. "How are you, George, old pal?" he exclaimed, slipping, of all things, an oyster into the palm of the maestro. Olsen can't prove it but suspects the master mind behind that dastardly deed was Walter O'Keefe.

And Arthur Boran was made miserable at a broadcast by a man in the studio audience who sat staring at him, cross-eyed, through the entire program!

* * *

Kidding is all right in it's time and place but it's a dangerous thing to do in a broadcasting studio. As Ben Grauer, one of NBC's ablest mikemen, learned to his sorrow the other night. In a sportive mood he stepped up to what he thought was a "dead" mike. "Station W-J-Zilch, Hoboken", he announced. Eddie Duchin was so startled he nearly fell off his piano stool. The control engineer leaped up from his instrument board and by frantic signals

● Doesn't he look cute, this Ed Wynn trying his famous good-luck shoe on Frances Langford?

BY MERCURY

Warm-weather tidbits from the big broadcast studios! Mercury tells what's happened and what's going to happen to your radio favorites

through his window made Grauer realize that they were on the air. But listeners all over the country are still wondering how "Station W-J-Zilch, Hoboken" got on an NBC network.

* * *

A LITTLE BIRD SAYS—

That Frances Langford and George Jean Nathan, the critic, frequently lunch together, which is causing a lot of speculation. Incidentally, Frances has bought a new summer home at Long Beach.

That Helen Ward, Enric Madriguera's soloist, and Ted Herbert, of WOR, are plotting a wedding.

That Vera Van is very, very much interested in Charles Day, of the Four Eaton Boys.

That Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett are anticipating another blessed event and hope it will be a boy.

That George Burns and Gracie Allen are looking around for a baby to adopt.

* * *

Reference to Burns and Allen reminds that contracts have just been signed which assure their continuance on the air until June 1, 1935. At its expiration the comedy team will have been broadcasting for the same sponsor three and a half years, something of a record. They are allowed time out for summer vacations and an occasional week's rest.

Incidentally, Burns and Allen are taking bows for a gag of theirs which won first prize this year at a convention of English comedians and humorists in London. The anecdote winning the laurels, in the English version, had to do with the superintendent of an insane asylum. When asked by a rich patron how the inmates liked their new swimming pool, he replied: "Very much, sir. They enjoyed the diving particularly. But they'll find it much better next week when we put water in it".

Two years ago when originally presented on the Columbia network by Burns and Allen the gag ran like this:

GRACIE: Oh, George, we have a new swimming pool (*Continued on page 72*)

HOT and HAIRY

● Burns and Allen, all keyed up for the Summer, and forgive us our daily pun! They asked for it.

They're Office Wives

name	MARIE KELLY	PORTLAND HOFFA	KAY BELL	FANNY GLADPEBBLE
boss	Bing Crosby	Fred Allen	Paul Whiteman	Stoopnagle and Budd
age	22	24	20	Over 20
weight	126	114	125	85
height	5 ft. 6"	5 ft. 5"	5 ft. 8"	5 ft. 10"
flower	Lily of the Valley	Orchids	Violets	Wild Thyme
movie actress	Irene Dunne	Janet Gaynor	Irene Dunne	Clara Bow
movie actor	Bing Crosby	Robert Montgomery	Walter Huston	Wm. Farnum
perfume	Chanel No. 5	Mitsouka	Heure Bleu	Attar of Roses
song	"Boulevard of Broken Dreams"	"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	"Chloe"	"Bird In a Gilded Cage"

THIS is a rhetorical salute to that much abused, little praised item, the secretary. Secretaries there have always been and to the best of my cross-word experience there is even a secretary bird. Eve, no doubt, played at being secretary, ate her apple for lunch and took a great deal of solid comfort in the thought that *she* couldn't be fired. Your modern secretarial miss wears few more clothes than Eve, resembles her in many ways.

Miss Marie Kelly, secretary to Bing Crosby, is a charming example of the above. Pleasant, intelligent, extremely well-mannered, Miss Kelly writes letters, answers letters, reads letters and finds time to observe that "Mr. Crosby is very nice." That he is in point of fact really remarkable, possessor of a fine sense of humor and a deal of consideration. Radio, she thinks, has progressed and so have its people. She likes Jack Benny and Rudy V. but a well-known comedian, who must remain nameless, is the bane of her existence. When she closes up her typewriter she likes a foxtrot or two with an occasional fling at a good man's game of poker. Fortune tellers amuse her and she says she enjoyed her first interview. The office-boy told me outside that the staff thought she was "sweet". Ditto here.

* * *

Fred Allen said that if I cared to drop in on his rehearsal he would introduce me to his secretary. Next day I shook hands with the funnyman as he practised grimaces in the corner.

"How de do," I chirped.

"Hello Vallée," he drawled, coming out of a grimace.

Formalities over I took up my subject. Yes, his secretary was here, pointing to and beckoning over Miss Portland Hoffa. I knew the very able Miss Hoffa as his wife and helpmeet on the radio and stage, so this maneuver took me by surprise. No less surprised was she.

Fred then broke *lots* of ice by saying that this was his here now secretary. Portland denied this with a chilling glance. She did his letters in her spare time, then, he crowed. "Don't have spare time," pouted the lady and pouted so cutely that if duty hadn't hissed in my ear I'd have cast the whole thing to the winds. "Who did them

● Marie Kelly ● Kay Bell ● Evelyn Langfeldt ● Dorothy Ross

● There's a pretty girl who sits at the portals of the Radio Romeos. Their bosses are the idols of the air. And do they know their bosses!

to Radio Idols...

EVELYN LANGFELDT	DOROTHY ROSS	SHIRLEY VOGEL	MILDRED FABER	JEANNE BOND
Rudy Vallee	George Olsen	Vincent Lopez	Joe Penner	Leo Reisman
22	25	25	23	25
110	108	90	150	108
5 ft. 4"	5 ft. 5"	4 ft. 11"	5 ft. 5"	5 ft. 5"
Gardenias	Roses	Gardenias	Gardenias	Lilies of the Valley
Zasu Pitts	Norma Shearer	Joan Crawford	Greta Garbo	Greta Garbo
Robert Montgomery	Lionel Barrymore	Ben Turpin	Fredric March	Gregory Ratoff
Lanvin's Scandal	Shalimar	Heure Bleu	My Sin	Mitsouka
"Why Do I Dream Those Dreams"	"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	"Boulevard of Broken Dreams"	"Infatuation"

then?" queried our friend. "Perhaps some of the eerie people," she offered and winked at me. He smirked as he said, "Erie, Pa.?"

"You tried to dictate to me the first year we were married, and you know what *you* got. . . ." and here her voice went upstairs and out through a figurative attic and I glared with her at Allen. (That's what that cute voice does to you!).

"All right my dear," he admitted and drew me aside to apologize. This secretary business had him worried. He had written his folks about it and they had written back that it had rained an awful lot up where they were but they were certain that the alfalfa would surprise him. He was so pleased about this that he clean forgot about the question.

In fact he was so distrait that he started to dictate a letter to a man leaning over a piano. "Yours of the thirst to sand. . . ." said the man and we ran.

"Atwell," shuddered Fred.

I left Fred then only to run into Portland outside. She told me that she'd answer my questions anyway because she always wanted to know how it felt to be a secretary, she'd seen some of those naughty movie ones.

Mr. Allen, she had decided some time ago was, "Even tempered, considerate and kind" and she even went so far as to say she thought he was funny. No movies for her but she could stand a lot of reading, knitting and egg scrambling. Her air delights include The Easy Aces, Rudy V., and Ethel Shutta.

"Thank you very muuuuch," I drawled in my best imitation of the great Allen-cum-Huckle, "It's been fun . . . so long." Those Allens!

* * *

Miss Kay Bell, Paul Whiteman's secretary, has two points in her favor; she looks like Ramona and once secretaried for the notorious Colonel Stoopnagle who led the famous charge of dynamite. She has many other points to add to these but let's hear what she has to say of the chief: "He is a prodigious worker, absolutely untiring and quite capable of carrying out (*Continued on page 74*)

● Shirley Vogel ● Mildred Faber ● Jeanne Bond

by Bill Vallee

Let Bill Vallee tell you about the Radio stars as their secretaries see them, and how to reach the boss through the pretty girls at the desks!

A Woman MARTINI

The dark-eyed handsome singer of the often but the singing teacher who be- encouraged him and gave him his career

● Next to singing, Martini loves the country. Left, after a brisk ride, and below, at a reunion with Maria Zenatello, his foster-mother (second from the left).

"MY Nino, he a very good boy. Only every day he falls in love with another girl, and each time he thinks it is the grand passion. Now it is a German girl, and that is very good. For Nino he no like to study German. Now I think she teaches him it."

Dark-eyed, gray-haired, vivid Maria Zenatello, Nino Martini's foster mother, his guide, advisor and severest critic, was chatting with me in her lovely studio off Central Park. In an adjoining room 'her Nino' was practicing scales under the guidance of her husband, Giovanni Zenatello, famous vocal teacher. The Zenatellos are the only teachers Nino has ever had.

Ask Nino Martini what has brought him success, and he wouldn't hesitate a minute. "Maria Zenatello, my foster-mother and teacher. She has been taking care of me for ten years," he'll say.

It is Maria Zenatello who fed him, clothed him, who advised him about the problems that face every young man. It is Madame Zenatello to whom he comes with his confidences. It is Maria Zenatello, herself a mother of two grown children, who understands the problems of this impetuous, romantic young Italian.

But it is not only in his personal life that she has helped him. It is Maria who advises him about his career. It is she who got him his first chance to sing at a concert; his first chance to appear in opera. It is she who engineered his Columbia Broadcasting audition. This middle-aged, wise Spanish lady has made Nino Martini the singer he is today.

About ten years ago the Zenatellos, famous opera stars of a quarter of a century ago, invited Nino to live with them as their son. They would care for him, train his lovely voice, launch him on his career.

Made IN I

airwaves falls in love
came his foster-mother,
–Story by Mary Jacobs

● Martini is a great singer because a middle-aged Spanish lady believed in his voice convinced him of his talent and helped him to success

This is how it happened. The Zenatellos had built a theatre at the Arena in Verona, Italy, where 25,000 people came nightly to listen to open-air opera performances they arranged. Nino, then a high school boy, would save his pennies to be present. He was very poor then, but even at that time he knew that something awoke in him when he heard the glorious voices of the opera singers.

He never thought he'd be a singer. He thought he'd be a sportsman, a jockey. For he was crazy about horseback riding. His voice? It was a strange, thin, clear girl's voice—a coloratura, pure and fine. Such a strange voice for a boy that the priest in his church refused to let Nino sing in the choir. "Your thin squeal is no voice," he said impatiently. "We need *real* singers."

It was because of the strange lightness to his tones that he got an audition before Maria Zenatello. Her secretary had heard Nino sing and was puzzled by his unusual coloratura tones. He asked Maria to listen to the boy. She did. And immediately recognizing how rare a voice his was, asked Nino to live with her as her apprentice, as her son.

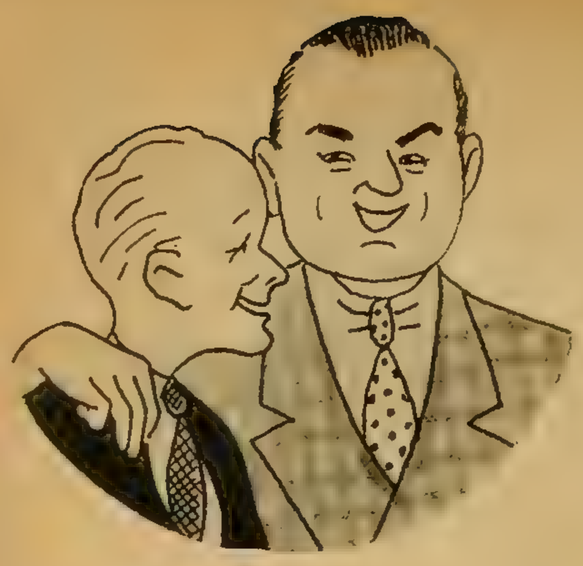
She and her husband, both well-known singers and teachers, would train him. It would cost him nothing. When he made good, he would pay them whatever he felt he owed them.

Nino's widowed mother was overjoyed. She had been eking out a precarious livelihood as custodian of the tombstone of Romeo and Juliet, in the beautiful Campo Fiera. Nino's father had died when the boy was six. Nino and his two sisters spent their waking hours playing in the lovely gardens; it was here Nino began to sing.

When Nino first came to live with the Zenatellos, a boy in his late teens, Maria decided she would break him in right. He was a mischievous, fun-loving boy, who had been expelled from school because he poked fun at his teachers.

He had to be made to realize that his music education was a serious matter. He had to learn to obey, to be a private, before he could become a leader.

Every morning Nino rose at six. It didn't matter how he felt about the matter, at six he was up and about. Then he went for a brisk ride along the countryside on horseback, "for one can not sing when he is sleepy," Maria says gravely. To this day Nino goes horseback riding every morning when he wakes up—but now he arises at ten, and rides in Central Park. (*Continued on page* 63)



TWO *in a*

Stoopnagle and Budd, Buffalo's gift to radio, made themselves an air career out of some gags and gadgets

OH, Nuts!

I mean those nuts, Buddnagle and Stoop, or Noopstagle and Boop, or Oopstaglenay and Uddbay. Oh, nuts! What I mean is, or are, Stoopnagle and Budd, or whatever their names may be. And when it comes to that, their names may be F. Chase Taylor and Wilber Budd Hulick. That's what they say they are, and how should I know different. The F. stands for Frederick, and has done so ever since the time when Fred Taylor invented his patent comb for parting names in the middle.

Anyway, meet the Colonel, there's one in every nut, and likewise shake hands with Budd, who is the "and friend" in the photographs. You know, the ones that read from left to right, "Colonel Stoopnagle and Friend". And if you want to take a tip from a palsy-walsy, look out for one of those buzzers in Budd's duke when you mitt him. Such fun!

Now, according to Emily Post, the first thing a girl should do after saying, "With whom have I the pleasure?" is to give the party-of-the-second-part the once-over, so cast your big, brown eyes on little Freddie Taylor, tall, dark 'n' handsome, ruddy cheeks, jutting jaw, with maybe a cleft in his chin. He looks like a Yale full-back turned bond-salesman. And that would be in a year when Yale had a football team, and bonds weren't used to paper Chic Sale solaria, which is a slang expression for sun-parlors—plural number.

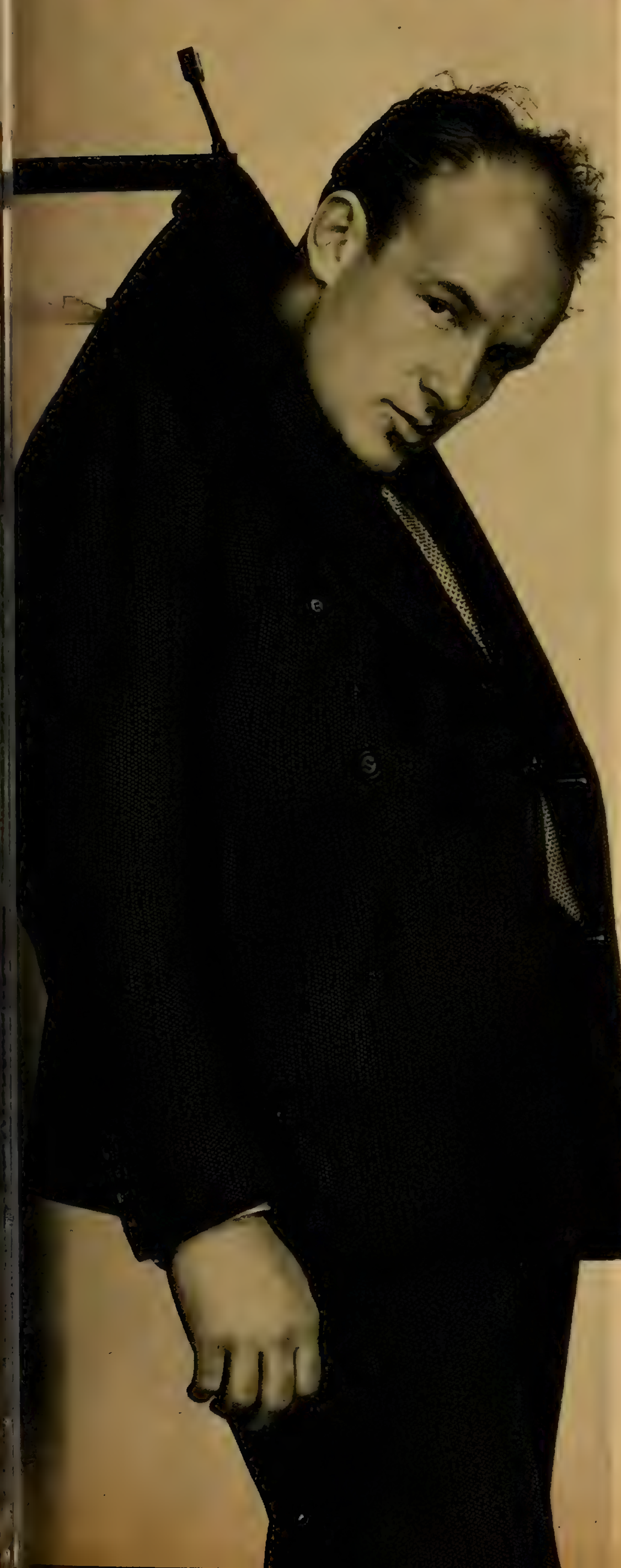
As a matter of fact, the good, old Colonel is the part he looks. He's 'varsity all right, University of Rochester, grid captain in his frosh year. Then came the War ("oh-ho sa-hay can you see") and after Stoopy quit the Navy, not much the worse for wear, what did he do but become vice-president of a Buffalo brokerage house. But the depression buffaloed Buffalo, and when there were no more buffalo nickels in the Buffalo brokerage business, ol' Massah Taylor, who dates way back to '97, turned to rad-dio and inventions. There you have the Colonel, as it were, in a nut-shell.

W. Budd Hulick, on the other hand, and he always is on the other hand on account of him being the Colonel's right-hand man, lacks the robustiousness (you know, he ain't got the heft) of the Col. He's on the aesthetic side (and no cracks) with cranial altitude, a slang expression for a bulging dome, he's blue-eyed, and he's a blonde. He isn't Yale. More like Harvard, perhaps. A guy who majored in philosophy. A guy with brain instead of brawn. Oddly enough, external appearances again bespeak the man. I mean the hall-mark Budd bears isn't counterfeit.

For Wilber B. Hulick, who was born twenty-seven years ago over on the Jersey side, is a college man, too. Georgetown University claims him among its distinguished alumni,

GIGGLES

Carload of Gags



BY HERB CRUIKSHANK

and W. B. toyed with the collegiate pigskin as quarterback of an eleven that batted out many a home run during exciting chukkers. He went in for the glee club stuff, and the musical end of campus life, and organized a rah-rah band that was good enough to cruise aboard the liners and keep the less discriminating Europeans entertained no end. To this day he can make a saxophone holler "Uncle". The hell of it is, he does.

But you know how it is with us college muggs, they toss you out of school with a sheepskin and tell you to take it on the lam. So Budd did a lot of things beside putting crushed nuts on sundaes before he finally hit an air-pocket in the trousers of the Buffalo Broadcasting outfit. And ain't that destiny for you? If it hadn't been for Buffalo and Stoopnagle and Budd, Budd would never have met Stoopnagle in Buffalo. Then there wouldn't have been any Stoopnagle or Budd or Buffalo, which would be oke by me no matter what the millions may think. Come to cogitate, that goes for the millions, too. Anyhoo, shake hands with Mister Hulick—and beware that buzzer!

I met the boys one afternoon when they were out musician shooting. It's an old Stoopnagle and Budd custom. One that should be among the most popular American sports if there weren't so darned many prohibitions in this country. What is this, anyway, Russia? Well, anyway, musician shooting being verboten to the masses, maybe it requires a word of explanation. You see, Fred and Wilber (to hell with formality I always say) try out what they call "jokes" on the fellers who do the toot-tooting and the ta-ra-boom-de-aying in between what they call the "comical stuff". If the musicians laugh they know its funny. If they don't laugh, they know the musicians have no sense of humor and shoot them. The musicians seldom if ever even smile, and Wilber and Fred have left a trail of sour-note-sounders which, if properly plastered and stood on end would make a picket fence from here to 'Frisco.

The afternoon in question, if there really is a question about it, Willie and Freddie were rehearsing for what they bitterly call the "evening's gaiety". They were doing a piece about one of the Colonel's inventions, pretending to interview a Mr. Whiffletree, or whatever his name was, who was one of those great unknown Captains of Industry whose career was all bound up in manufacturing shower-baths that dripped after the water was turned off. There was also business about how a turtle with an itchy back could scratch itself.

The musicians sat sadly through the routine looking like Canon Chase at a Minsky strip show. For them there was nary a giggle in a carload of gags. They didn't know that little by little Budd and Stoopnagle felt their habit coming on. Finally the time came for the musikers (*Continued on page 75*)

● **The crazy pair hang themselves with a trick and you needn't say "hurrah!"**

The Beautiful

Toby Malone was an actor out of a job when his big chance came in a broadcast studio. A professor and a red-headed waitress were his cast. They get the audition, but will they get the contract, and who gets the red-head? Read on and see what happens

MARGY gazed open-mouthed at Toby and the Professor and she still looked lovely. That open-mouthed gaze is recommended as the acid test of feminine charm.

"My friend the professor, was just kidding, babe," Toby explained quickly. "I know you ain't had no experience in the show business and playin' stooge—I mean straight—for a comic like me takes experience."

"Get your hat and coat, Margy," said the Professor gently. "We haven't any time to lose."

"All right," said Margy suddenly. "I'll be ready in two minutes."

"But listen, sister," Toby started to plead. But Margy had disappeared through a swinging door.

"Prof, I shouldn't have let you drink all them brandies on an important day like today," said Toby sadly. "I guess that ruins everything. I guess I better 'phone up CBC and tell 'em my grandmother has just kicked off or I been hurt in a taxi accident or something."

The professor reached for his brandy glass which wasn't quite empty.

"All will be well, Toby," he said. "I've got a hunch!" And as he drained the glass, Margy came back without her white apron and in a smart little coat and an equally smart hat.

Toby, in spite of his feeling that the bottom had dropped out of his entire world, looked at her twice. There were few girls on Broadway any more charming than Margy and she didn't look dumb. Toby realized she had everything to make an ideal partner in an act—if only she'd had some experience in the show business.

"Leave some money for the check, will you, Toby?" the Professor asked as he got up.

This brought Toby back to earth.

"Gosh, prof. I haven't got a cent with me. I was going to ask you to take the check!"

The professor fumbled in his pockets, shaking his head. "I'm stoney," he said. "I say, this is embarrassing."

Margy didn't hesitate.

"Forget about the check," she said, "I'll fix that up later. I'm good for it. After all, I work here. Aren't we supposed to be at the radio studios within the next five minutes?

"Gee Margy," Toby began——

"Come on," she commanded. "I've been waiting for something like this to happen. All my life. I'm not going to let a luncheon check spoil it. Now, come on!"

They dashed out of Le Pierrot and the Professor whistled shrilly at a passing cab.

"The cab fare——" Toby remembered in time.

"I've got the cab fare," Margy said. "And we can rehearse or whatever it is you do, on our way to the studios."

They climbed into the cab. From an inside pocket the

Stooge

PART TWO

BY PETER DIXON

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

● "Say . . . only a minute to go. Is your script in order? Too bad there isn't time to run through the show on the mike before the audition—but you'll be all right."

professor produced the scripts for the audition. He handed one to Margy.

"You're Toots," he said.

"Finally, I'm Toots," said Margy. "And not even Mrs. Toots."

"Levity at a time like this is out of place," said Professor Gus sternly. "We've got to concentrate on being funny and it's very serious. Now there's just time to run through the script before we get to the studios. Let's go."

"Hello, Toots," said Toby. "I see the keeper has been careless again."

"Oh, I'm fine, thank you," Margy replied, reading from her script. It's nice that I saw you yesterday. How are your two brothers?

"Oh, you mean Izzie and Wuzzie."

"Yes . . . how are they?"

"Wuzzie is sick!"

"Is he?"

"No, Wuzzie!"

The taxi-driver narrowly missed a five-ton truck, cursed softly under his breath and wondered what the hell was wrong with those three fares.

Around a big table in the board room of the Consolidated Broadcasting Company, seven very bored people sat and stared apathetically at a mahogany enclosed radio speaker. The seven were members of the program board of CBC. Before any program went on the air, at least four of these people had to approve it. For years and years—and to some of them it seemed like centuries and centuries—the members of the board had been listening to sopranos and tenors, to comedians and elocutionists, to dispensers of cheer and to ladies with new ideas on household hints and to every good and bad performer who had the slightest chance of getting to a network microphone.

Members of the board had heard every joke and wisecrack ever used at least five times. They'd heard "Trees" sung until they hated the idea of reforestation.

They had heard idols of the stage stumble through continuities like school children at Friday afternoon exercises. They had heard dare-devil explorers with high, almost falsetto, voices and on a few very rare occasions they'd heard things that were interesting and amusing.

Even the comedians who had gone on to radio fame had

extracted few chuckles from the members of the program board. The board members knew enough to recognize comedy that would make other people laugh and they acted accordingly. But no dramatic critic, ending a season which had meant five opening nights a week could have been half so bored and fed up with it all as any one individual on the CBC program board. They'd heard all the questions and they knew all the answers.

The members of the program board were drafted from every department of CBC. There was Beth Hollister, quiet, charming and ultra-sophisticated director of women's programs. There was Keith Rice, manager of the continuity department. Rice had wanted to be a poet but had stumbled into broadcasting. He showed an unexpected flair for executive work and cursed the day that he gave up a Greenwich Village apartment for one on Fifty-fourth street, made possible by a CBC salary check.

THERE was Joel Miller who had been an announcer and had been with radio since the days when the Happiness Boys were the nation's favorites. Then there was Harry Rush from the press department who looked at every program as something that might garner so many inches of space in the nation's radic columns. There was Clem Bancroft of the Sales department who thought only in terms of the opportunities to inject sales talks into programs. There was Charles Lorton, program manager and a former executive of a chain of theatres. Lorton was supposed to be the authority on what was and what was not good showmanship. And there was Parker Smith from the legal department who listened with but one thought —had the program been done before? The radio folks didn't want suits for plagiarism.

These were the people who were waiting to hear Toby Malone.

Beth Hollister looked enquiringly at Lorton.

"Who," she asked, "is our victim this afternoon?"

"A comedian," replied Lorton.

The other six groaned in unison.

"We've got to have one or two comedians available," Lorton explained. "All the sponsors want is comedy! And we've got to find comedians. There aren't many name comedians left. So there's only one thing to do—that's to take a comparatively unknown comedian and make him an air name. Does the name Toby Malone mean anything to you?"

Five people said, "No".

"Wait a minute," said Harry Rush. "I saw that guy once in a vaudeville show."

"How was he?" asked Keith Rice.

"Lousy," said Rush.

The others looked more dejected than usual.

"However," said Rush, "I think the press department could take even a lousy comedian and do something with him. We might make him the . . . uh . . . the Mysterious Mime.

"Nobody," objected Rice, "Except a few of us, know what a mime is."

"All right then," Rush rejoined. "We could put a black mask on him and call him the Masked Madcap!"

Lorton shook his head.

"If this guy is any good at all we'll have to build him up under his own name. The advertisers aren't going for mysterious marvels these days. Maybe this guy will be good."

The respective members of the program board looked gloomy. That was too much to expect.

The mahogany speaker suddenly came to life.

"Stand by, program board," came the voice from the speaker. "We're going to pipe the audition in thirty seconds."

The board members reached for pencils and began to draw little diagrams on the pads in front of them.

The next voice was that of David Mason, one of CBC's best announcers. Lorton had thoughtfully assigned Mason to the audition. The program manager hoped that Toby would make good with the board. The best thing he could do for him was to assign a good announcer. Good announcers, thoroughly familiar with Dat Ole Dabbil Mike can sometimes make the most fussed performers seem at ease.

"We present Toby Malone," said David's voice.

Members of the board listened quietly. They didn't expect to be amused but at least they were willing to be attentive.

● "Forget about the check," she said, "I'll fix that up later. I'm good for it. After all, I work here."

BEFORE the taxicab had reached the CBC studios, there had been time for Toby and Margy to run through their lines once. The professor made a few corrections. Had Toby been less upset by the prospect of doing an audition with an unprofessional stooge, he might have marveled at the ease with which Margy handled her speeches. As it was, Toby wasn't quite so nervous when they dashed into the studio building.

A hostess on the fourteenth floor glanced at a mimeographed sheet when they made enquiries about the audition.

"Studio C," she said. "Right down the corridor and the first door to your right. They've (*Continued on page* 68)

Boating with Rosaline

● When Rosaline Greene, the talking Mary Lou of "Showboat" gets away from the mike she runs right down to her father's Long Island home and his boats. Right, here she's seen driving her own motor launch.

● Who wouldn't like vacation time when it's as pleasant as pretty Rosaline Greene makes it. Above, she's getting the sailboat ready while below, she takes a little canoe ride.

What did "Mike" give

● She won't let any marriage interfere with her career, this beautiful star who had cinema fame in her youth, but whom "Mike" gave new radio laurels for her middle years

WHEN Irene Rich left the broadcast studios of Chicago after a successful series of weekly appearances on the air she was peeved. Perhaps that's putting it a little mildly but when the stunning star gets feeling that way she usually takes a plane or a train or a boat and goes to some place where she thinks she'll get what she wants.

She did that in Hollywood, after fourteen years of working herself up from extra ranks to an important stellar position in the cinema colony. Irene wasn't sore at Hollywood, except abstractly for its attitude toward her career. She was weary of playing a neglected wife, a sad divorcee or a sobby mother. She felt she was "typed" so definitely that the casting directors couldn't see her in any other kind of a role. So she just flew to Chicago, sold her talents to a sponsor and went into a new field, using her many and varied experiences in pictures as a background for her intimate sketches. Then when the skits were changed to characterizations she didn't like quite so well she bought herself a ticket to New York and started a new series of broadcasts.

● Miss Rich arises with a smile and begins the day's work with a telephone call

The peeve broke out all over again. For she still wasn't doing what she wanted. And with Miss Rich that's an unhappy state of affairs for which she seeks, and usually finds, a remedy.

Most actors always feel a loyalty to their first choice whether it's the stage, pictures or radio. The Broadwayites who went West from Manhattan footlights after the introduction of sound pictures, always feel that pull-back to the stage. Their bank deposits are in Hollywood but their yearnings reach out to New York and the thrill of eight shows a week. The ones who gained their first popularity before the microphone migrate periodically to Hollywood but always there's the feeling that they really belong on the air. To the seasoned veterans of the celluloid world, radio is just a payroll and Broadway an exciting interlude. Their ambitions and hopes are always focussed on movie roles.

Irene Rich is different. The medium is of secondary importance. Whether it's a stage production, a radio contract or a film part matters little so long as she's doing what she wants in the way she wants to do it. Radio, according to her story, gives her a greater personal satisfaction than either the cameras or the footlights. She feels a nearer relationship to her ether audiences than she ever got through her screen portrayals. She expresses her consciousness of a personal contact with her radio friends that is missing in the "talkies". As a proof of this, she turned down a lucrative Hollywood contract two months ago to play "just another wife role". And she gave up a stage production which had gotten into first rehearsals because she believed the vehicle wasn't smooth enough to present her as she wanted to be.

Miss Rich, as a matter of fact, uses her head far more than any sentimental urge, when it's a matter of her career. That is a direct contradiction to all the theories you get about her, either from personal contact or following her activities. She looks like a mellow woman who would be governed by the promptings of her heart. But don't let those soft brown eyes fool you. She is essentially an artist and from the time she was seventeen she has sacrificed other interests to her work. She admits, frankly, that at times her career has been an impediment to her domestic happiness. But her career is very near her heart and in decisions it has always gotten the preference. At least, she's honest about it. So many women in public life prate about how nothing should interfere with personal happiness but they neglect to add that the only lasting personal happiness possible for them would be bound up in their work and not in any individual upon whom they might bestow their affections. In that too, Miss Rich is different.

It's amazing how kindly the years have treated Miss Rich. Or perhaps, it's more to the point to say that she has known how to deal with the years. Miss Rich now weighs exactly what she did at sixteen and there have been brief interludes when the scales said otherwise. But there were periods when her avoirdupois went above her average, brief periods, indeed. She has two grown-up daughters and in the soft lights of an evening affair looks almost as young as either of them. She married first at seventeen but she's been divorced three times and her two daughters have different fathers. She believes it is wise to change your mind and your husband if you are sure you cannot live contentedly together. Other people might feel quite differently but that's the Irene Rich philosophy and at least she lives by it. To all outward appearance and to all

BY R. H. ROWAN

the RICH Lady?

● IRENE RICH, even on a hot summer's day, looks as attractive as her two grown-up daughters

inward thinking she's quite a contradiction. Gazing at her in a modish gown, watching her smooth face, appreciating her soft femininity, the casual observer would say here is a woman who feels things deeply and who is affected by her own emotions. She gets right down to the core of your inner thoughts without giving you an inkling of hers. And yet she is essentially honest.

It might be much more diplomatic for her to say, in the present instance, "I love my radio work and I am happy in the selection of material which my sponsors have given me". But she doesn't do that. She tells you frankly that she was terribly disappointed out in Chicago when they stopped those intimate little sketches of her Hollywood experiences which she was broadcasting and substituted material she didn't approve of at all. And she'll add, quite as frankly, that's why she left the Chicago studios and moved into New York, only to learn that the sketches were still being written for her in Chicago and sent on to the Manhattan studios. She's as disappointed in New York as she was in the middlewest broadcast center but she'll continue to tell you, for the time she must grin and bear it. One can't quarrel with that attitude. She'll get what she wants in radio, the same way she got on in Hollywood.

It wasn't any whim that started Irene Rich on her movie way. It was the immediate necessity of earning her own living in the most interesting way she knew how. Irene was one of several hundred extras who annoyed casting directors in the early silent-flicker days. That she was a successful survival is an indication not only of her faith in herself but of her endurance.

For fourteen years she struggled along in a place where she had plenty of competition. During that time she not only climbed the movie ladder to important leads but while she was forging ahead in her own profession she was also getting married, having babies and running her own household. When a marriage didn't bring her contentment, she was through. She likes to be sophisticated, she wears clothes like a million dollars and yet the flicker producers always thought of her first as a nice girl. That attitude lets you out of many coveted roles in pictures and though Irene did her best to overcome the handicap of niceness she couldn't convince those who were handing out film plums.

Finally, convinced (*Continued on page 71*)

WAS SPALDING'S

Reared in riches, he threw away his golden spoon for a fiddle, fame and work

BY ROSE HEYLBUT

● Spalding caresses his first and lasting love, the instrument of his fame

EVERYONE thrills to the story of the genius who struggles his way through harsh poverty, and emerges from his shabby garret at last, to find Success. There is only one type of story that is still more thrilling. That is the rarer story of the genius who fights his way through the softness of wealth and advantages, to a place of his own, strictly on his own; who surmounts the jibes and the doubts of people who think he is just another rich man's son, toying with a new fad. A prominent radio contest has just selected such a man as "America's most popular instrumentalist."

His name is Albert Spalding.

Spalding is the son of a wealthy family. You know the family. Its name appears on Big League baseballs. The Spalding fortune turned out to be one of the greatest obstacles to young Albert's career. He had to fight off what any other young musician would give ten years of his life to get . . . from anyone but his parents! This is the situation: if a poor boy shows talent enough to attract the attention of a wealthy "angel" to sponsor his career, his future is pretty well assured. But if a boy is so situated that the "angel" isn't needed, and his family pays the bills, his future is likely to be hedged with barbed-wire comments about an outlet for Father's spare cash, and how long will the hobby last? And in planning a public career, such public comment can't be overlooked. America clings to the idea that a young man has no right to a glamour he hasn't fought for. It's a pretty good idea. At least, Albert Spalding thought it was. So he fought.

Where Albert Smith could have accepted the Spalding backing, Albert Spalding had to stand squarely on his own feet, or be branded as one of the things Father spent money on, like a yacht. Now, he had a great admiration for yachts, but he didn't like being classed with them. So he made his own terms. When he felt that he could do nothing in the world except play the violin, he very literally did nothing except play the violin.

The Spalding money was not used to push him. Such wily managers as were eager for an easy exploitation, were given to understand that no cash would be forthcoming to put him across. If they felt interest in him, it would have to be solely on his merits. He had few of the things that the genius-out-of-the-garret expects his "angel" to provide for him. He couldn't afford to! He fought his way through his genius, his faith in himself, and a bull-dog determination to win.

Albert Spalding was born in Chicago. Until he was seven, his ambition was to be a soldier. One of the earliest talents he displayed was for packing the luggage full of non-essentials, and leaving out all the really useful articles. As a youngster, he went to visit friends, and his hostess, on helping him open his valise, found that he had brought neither pajamas nor toothbrush, but a complete set of Shakespeare!

The persistent streak in Albert Spalding brought him many painful knocks long before it carried him to the concert stage. At five, he was given a tiny bicycle. He loved the swift motion of it, the glorious feeling of "getting somewhere." But he was too little to dismount or come to a stop by himself. When there was no one near to help him get off, he let himself fall off. When the bicycle happened to fall on him, it hurt much more than when he "fell plain." But he didn't stop riding! Once, as he came tearing down the driveway a truck with a huge team of horses blocked his way. The driver shouted to the little fellow to stop. Then, realizing that he couldn't, he reined up sharply . . . just in time to see the boy and bicycle disappear under the horses, and then emerge again on the other side, still riding hard!

When Spalding was seven, he was given his first violin,

WEALTH *a* HANDICAP?

● Away from music, Albert Spalding rusticates with his pet dog

and from that time on, he knew there was only one thing for him to do. He didn't want to enter a flourishing business; he wanted to play the violin. His family took him to Italy, where his studies were rounded out by the keen interest in music that was always an important influence in his home. His mother was an excellent amateur pianist. When Spalding was nine, his mother, his brother, and he performed a Trio before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. In the middle of a passage, one of young Albert's violin strings snapped in two. He went right on playing, however, transposing the music to one of the other strings . . . a considerable feat even for a master violinist. Those who saw what had happened, were amazed by the child's skill. But his mother, at the piano, had not seen. She heard only that his playing sounded a bit different from normal. After, she asked him about it and he explained.

"But why didn't you stop playing and change strings?"

"Oh," replied Albert, "I didn't think you *could* stop playing before a Duke!"

At fourteen, Spalding passed examinations at the Conservatory of Bologna which earned him the title of Professor of Music. History records but one other musician to have won that honor at so early an age. His name was Mozart. Spalding studied two years more in Paris, and made his début there, at sixteen. And then the hard years began. Leisurely study was over. He had to prove, now, whether or not there was something more arresting about him than his father's wealth.

His first step was to touch no money for his living expenses that he hadn't honestly earned himself, with his violin. There was a time, then, when this "rich boy's" meals were by no means regular, and those he had were carefully budgeted. And he (*Continued on page 70*)

The OLE-MAN

BY MIKE

GRAHAM McNamee, according to reports filtering out from Radio Row, is ambitious to form a nation-wide organization of secondary, but essential personalities of the radio world, known technically, as stooges. Graham's secret desire, one hears, is to become chief stooge, and thus work for better conditions for stooges, even to the point, perhaps, of forming a stooge union whereby minimum compensation will be established, rights and security will be assured, and possibly, the stooging industry may emerge with its own NRA code, or something.

Most of the working stooges in the broadcasting business—there are approximately seventy-eight of them, are in sympathy with the organization movement, and on the slightest provocation will emphasize the growing importance of stooges by inquiring: "Where would the head-man of the various radio acts land, if they had to work without expert stooges?"

Even the layman can answer that question with spontaneity. There wouldn't be any acts, if it were not for the stooge, who is by the way the most unhallowed of artists—a lowly laborer in the entertainment vineyard, unsung, poorly rewarded, yet a vital factor in the success of celebrities.

Until radio popularized the term, "stooge", the word meant

● Mary Livingstone is Jack Benny's pet stooge, but then she's his wife as well as air partner and confidential secretary

● Eddie Cantor does most of the ribbing, but once in a while Rubinoff and Jimmy Wallington have a worthy comeback

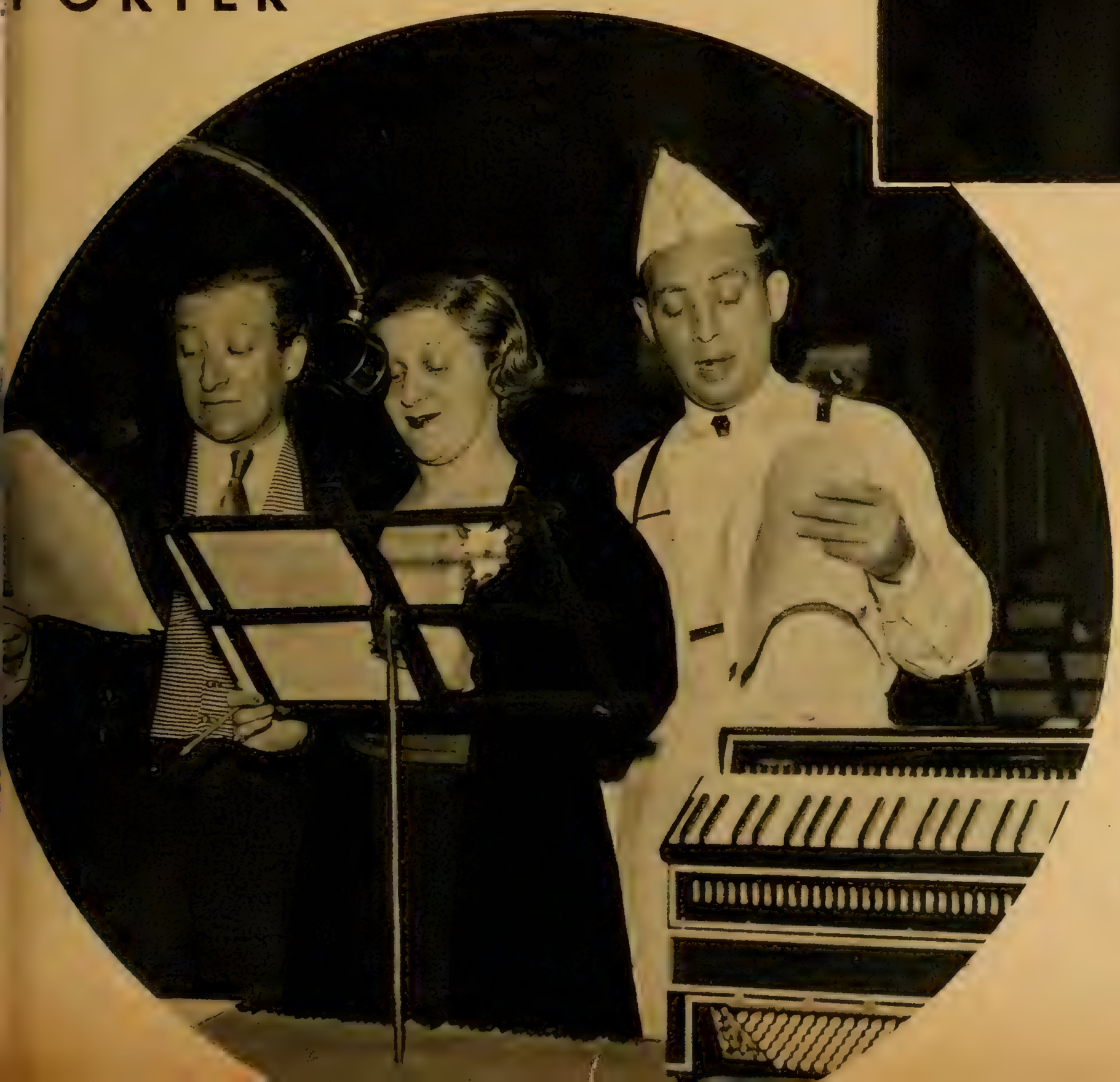
RIBBERS

practically nothing to the man in the street, or the man in the armchair. Stooges, before radio were even more neglected and unrecognized than they are today, yet, through the ages, they have worked uncomplainingly, serving as vassals, and uncomplainingly contributing to the glory of their masters.

It is a popular belief that the era of the stooge began with the coming to the airways of Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo, whose entry into the field was both simultaneous and feudal, and which developed into what is now historically referred to as "The Battle of the Baritones."

This, of course, is a fallacy. Long before that Phil Baker and Jack Pearl, and Ted Healy had introduced the stooge via the vaudeville route, but stooges in those remote days, were technically known as straight men. Ted Healy deserves the credit for inaugurating the principle of the multiple stooge. It was he who pioneered in the quaint custom of filling an entire stage with stooges, and dealing with them in a wholesale and wholehearted way. But as a matter of fact, stooging is a practise that dates back to the Old Testament. It progressed through the Roman ascendancy, into and out of the middle Ages, and is, as a matter of fact, as old as history, if not older. (*Continued on page 56*)

● When Ed Wynn made a stooge out of Graham McNamee he gave the popular announcer a new broadcast career

PORTER

● Here are the Armour trio, Phil Baker the star, and his ribbers, Mabel Albertson and Harry McNaughton, "Bottles" to you

Real Tears Gave Her BLUE NOTES

● Sad days in her childhood often made pretty Edith Murray cry, but from it came the torchy, weepy tones

IT was about four years ago that a stage-struck girl answered an ad for "Chorus Girls Wanted" during her lunch hour while employed as a dress model. Out of a goodly crowd of unemployed chorines she was chosen and her first taste of the stage was in the chorus of a night-club revue. To have become the prima donna of a successful musical comedy would not have made her happier. Because at last she was doing what she had been yearning to do for years.

Edith Murray, alias Edith May Fernandez, "Dramatist of the Blues", as she is often called, learned her blue notes during childhood. The girl with the tear in her voice, who sometimes sings as though her heart is broken shed many a tear as a young girl.

She was only eight years old when the first unhappiness came into her life. Her mother and father decided that they could not make a go of their marriage and so little Edith May began her trips back and forth to mother for a length of time and then to father for another length of time. Although she was born in Chicago, she spent most of her childhood way down South in Louisiana and Florida. Her father is Spanish and her mother is Irish. Her father was religiously inclined and when Edith May began showing signs of wanting to go on the stage he most rigidly put his foot down and enrolled her in a convent school. When she would run away from one convent school he would place her in another. Edith was heartbroken but she was determined. Deep in her heart she clung to the forlorn hope that some day she would realize her ambition to become an actress.

When Edith Murray visited her mother, she would sympathize with her but could do nothing toward breaking her father's will to keep her off the stage. However, her father married again and it was her stepmother, who finally won her father over to giving her a musical training although for no other purpose than as part of her education. Edith was a little happier now. She was doing something she loved. She took piano lessons and became quite an accomplished pianist, always singing as she played. Today she does most of her own musical arrangements and although she has not made much ado about it, it is rumored that she has composed quite a few songs.

After many unsuccessful pleadings with her father, Edith decided to make one last attempt to realize her desire. She ran away one day from the convent in New Orleans and went to her mother in Florida.

Her mother took her on a trip to New York. While on this trip she decided she wasn't going back down South and found a job as a model. She was only a model two weeks when she and her friend answered the ad for "Chorus Girls Wanted", and so she was launched on her career.

Then followed years of trouping—in vaudeville and night-club shows. She wasn't just an ordinary chorine for long. No one could hear that dramatic voice without paying heed and Edith always had a solo.

Now, suddenly romance came her way—too suddenly, for she gave up her career and married a man who had misrepresented himself to her. It was a year or more of tears and heartbreak—more than she ever thought she could bear. Edith was disillusioned. However, she came out from under and was more determined to stick to her career and be somebody. Now that sorry episode in her life is something Edith Murray wants to forget, although it has played its part in molding her character for her present success.

Edith had to start all over again, right from the beginning. She had to learn new songs, new arrangements and she went at it like a starved young thing. It didn't take her long to get into the swim again. She began trouping once more and many of the shows she played brought her to different countries. She played Los Angeles, San Francisco and Hollywood where she took part in one of the stage shows at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Trouping took her to Havana and even to far off Australia. She was co-starred in the road show of "Good News".

There's one story of Edith's early adventures that she loves to tell.

"I'm always late, and if you ever make an appointment with me be sure and make it a half-hour earlier or more than the scheduled time. Well, this happened in Havana. We were to dock for only a few hours. I had some friends living in Havana and decided to visit them for a short while. The short while lasted too long, for when I returned to my ship I found that they all had forgotten about me and left me behind. I'll never forget that sinking feeling I had when I watched the boat way out in the distance while forlornly standing on shore. I remember I made some futile efforts to get a small launch to take me out to the boat but somehow or other it couldn't be done.

"All my worldly possessions were on that boat. I returned to my friends who were kind enough to loan me the money to get to New York. I travelled to Key West, Florida, by boat and from there boarded a train for New York. I wanted to meet the boat (*Continued on page 77*)

BY DORIS ASHE

● Edith Murray is happy now, in her career, but there were dark days in her past that made a blue singer of the pretty artist on Columbia's broadcast chain.

FRANCES LANGFORD

Rudy Vallee discovered her and New York accepted her thrilling voice and dark-eyed beauty. She likes Mexican chili and Bing Crosby, but is waiting for her ideal man to come along

YOU ASK HER *Another*

Q. WHAT'S your real name?
A. Frances Langford.
Q. Where were you born and do you want to say when?
A. I was born in Lakeland, Florida on April 4th, 1913.
Q. Are you married?
A. No.
Q. Do you ever intend to marry?
A. Well, not for quite a while yet.
Q. Do you believe in marriage for a girl with a career?
A. Yes, indeed.
Q. Have you ever met your ideal man?
A. I don't think so.
Q. Who is your radio favorite?
A. Bing Crosby.
Q. When did you start singing?
A. I've been singing practically all my life but started to sing professionally on our local radio station about three years ago.
Q. Would you rather be in pictures than on the radio?
A. Of course I'd like to be in pictures but radio is my best bet now.
Q. How long have you been broadcasting?
A. I've been broadcasting on NBC for a year and a half.
Q. How'd you get your first break?
A. Rudy Vallee heard me sing on a local station in Tampa, Florida and brought me to New York for an audition.
Q. Who is the most important (*Continued on page* 80)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★

V E R A V A N

She's known now as the Silver-toned Contralto of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, but Vera Van started her career in childhood as a ballet dancer, turning to vocalizing after she was injured in a fall

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

Babe Ruth

● This is the time of year when the home run king comes into his own and weekly, millions of baseball fans tune in on the Quaker Oats program over an NBC hook-up to hear what the Babe has to say about the great American sport

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

Drawings by

Arlene Frances

● She impersonates the various Hollywood stars on the "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" program over the Columbia network Sunday nights. Arlene Francis has looks and brains and here she's taking on a Lupe Velez characterization

Portrait by Bert Lawson

Harlan Crandall III

Portrait by Maurice Seymour

This is the only photograph of SKIPPY, juvenile character of the "Skippy" programs broadcast from Chicago by Sterling Products. He's known as the young comic-strip hero.

FRANKLIN ADAMS

JANE WITHERS

Although she's only seven now, Jane Withers is really a radio veteran, having started her microphone career at the age of three. Now she's heard weekly on KFWB.

Portrait by A. L. McCaffrey

IRVING BERLIN

The prince of Tin Pan Alley song writers, Irving Berlin, is one of this season's additions to the list of prominent personalities who have turned their talents to radio. He has been heard on Sunday nights over the WJZ networks.

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

BETTY DAY

Pretty Miss Day was a stage veteran at twenty-two and is one of the recent recruits to the ranks of mike artists. She contributes clever impersonations of screen stars over the Columbia network in "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood"

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott

On the Sylvia

● Doesn't Sylvia Froos look sweet in this polka-dot taffeta bathing suit with halter neck and trimming of white?

● Miss Froos, ready for a yachting party in this white silk sailor dress with navy flannel jacket and French sailor beret.

● Seersucker was used for this striped pajama suit which Miss Froos chooses for those hours on the summer sand

THERE are times when a feller needs a friend but in the summer, what any girl needs is a good figure. Whether she dons a revealing bathing suit or goes in for those long, slinky slacks, her dimensions mean her success or failure as beach decoration. Sylvia Froos whose lovely voice has graced the air waves and whose charming young figure has been seen on the screen this year wears what she considers "the last word" in beach togs which were selected in the Beach Shop of Lord and Taylor and which show what the ladies will be wearing for swimming or sand-lounging this summer.

The pretty Columbia Broadcasting star is all prepared in case anyone invites her on a yachting party with her white silk dress with navy blue flannel coat, doubled breasted in real gob style and with a French sailor's white beret.

Pajamas in linen, crash or gingham are just the thing now

beach with Froos

● It's cool and smart, this "clarepotter" one-piece pajama number of shantel linen of a delectable sea blue

● To the left is Sylvia in red and white checked cotton shorts and shirt that are both practical and attractive for leisure

● You need a figure like Miss Froos for these gray flannel trunks and tri-colored jersey halter with a leather belt

and Miss Froos shows a blue linen one-piece pajama suit. Her beach bag which carries her makeup and has room for her book or knitting is white turkish toweling.

Sylvia's dress-up bathing togs include a navy blue polka-dot taffeta suit with white silk jersey trimming. Her pliable straw hat will protect her from the sun and her feet are partly covered with string knitted sandals.

On a boat, on the beach or even on the front lawn at home there's a coat and trouser suit of blue and white striped seersucker.

Another new suit which Sylvia shows can be used for tennis or any other sport. The trunks are gray jersey with white stripes and the snugly fitting top has geometrical designs.

Cute and coy does our Sylvia look in the red and white checked linen suit with plaited shorts and a tuck-in blouse.

● Love is beautiful in the summertime for the newly-wed "Singin' Sam" and his bride, Helene Davis (Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frankel)

On the Singin'

● The place is "Justa-nere," Richmond, Ind., and the honeymooners are Harry Frankel "Our Own Singin' Sam" with the new Mrs. Frankel who was an actress

● A joke, a smile and sweet words on the front porch; right, the honeymooners at the cellar door, enjoying the morning sun

Sams' Honeymoon

● A perfect way and a perfect place for a summer wedding trip on Singin' Sam's farm out in Indiana. We hope the pair caught a fish

On PACIFIC

Laughs and thrills out of the West Coast broadcast shows with

CAPITALS best describe young Georgie Stoll, youthful violin virtuoso and orchestra director who is heard on the coast NBC lines on the Shell Show weekly from Los Angeles.

He is a Musician with a capital M, and a Showman with a capital S. Georgie has climbed atop the ladder of success with the same nimbleness displayed in his sensitive fingers as they dance around on the finger-board of his sweet-toned violin.

Stoll isn't the average type of music maker. He is different . . . a little fellow with a whimsical smile that isn't exactly what you would call infectious, but it is just about perpetual.

How is he unusual? Well, here's one thing. Back into the Hollywood hills he tramps every once in awhile for some target practice. He uses a rare German rifle such as snipers used during the war. And what do you suppose he uses for a target? Nothing else but phonograph records. Maybe they're Bing Crosby records, but anyway, no matter who recorded 'em, they are old ones that serve a useful purpose as targets.

Do you want still more proof? Well, if you do, here's another one for the book. A year ago he won the Motion Picture Industry's golf tournament at Agua Caliente, Baja Caliente. This, be it known, is not down in Central Mexico, but is just over the border near Tiajuana where everybody used to guzzle up before repeal, but which is now about as dead as they make 'em.

Our hero was born in Minneapolis, went to New York's public schools, studied with Lichtenberg, ran a film house band in New York and then in Portland, Oregon. Then, for something a bit out of the ordinary, he went on a vodvil bill to dance with Nell Kelly, one of those snake-hip dance gals.

Eventually, via San Francisco and Los Angeles, Georgie wound up in Hollywood where he ran the orchestra for Grauman's premiere of "Hell's Angels." He wrote the overture to "Trader Horn," and followed with directing the orchestra for the premiere of "Dinner at Eight." A year ago he was one of the guest conductors at the Hollywood bowl for ballet and orchestra.

Yes, he's married and lives in a big, modernistic house on a hilltop.

* * *

What a girl. What a girl. She first sang over a station in Sydney, Australia; performed for the benefit of the Kit Kat Club patrons in London; toured with the Duncan Sisters in this country.

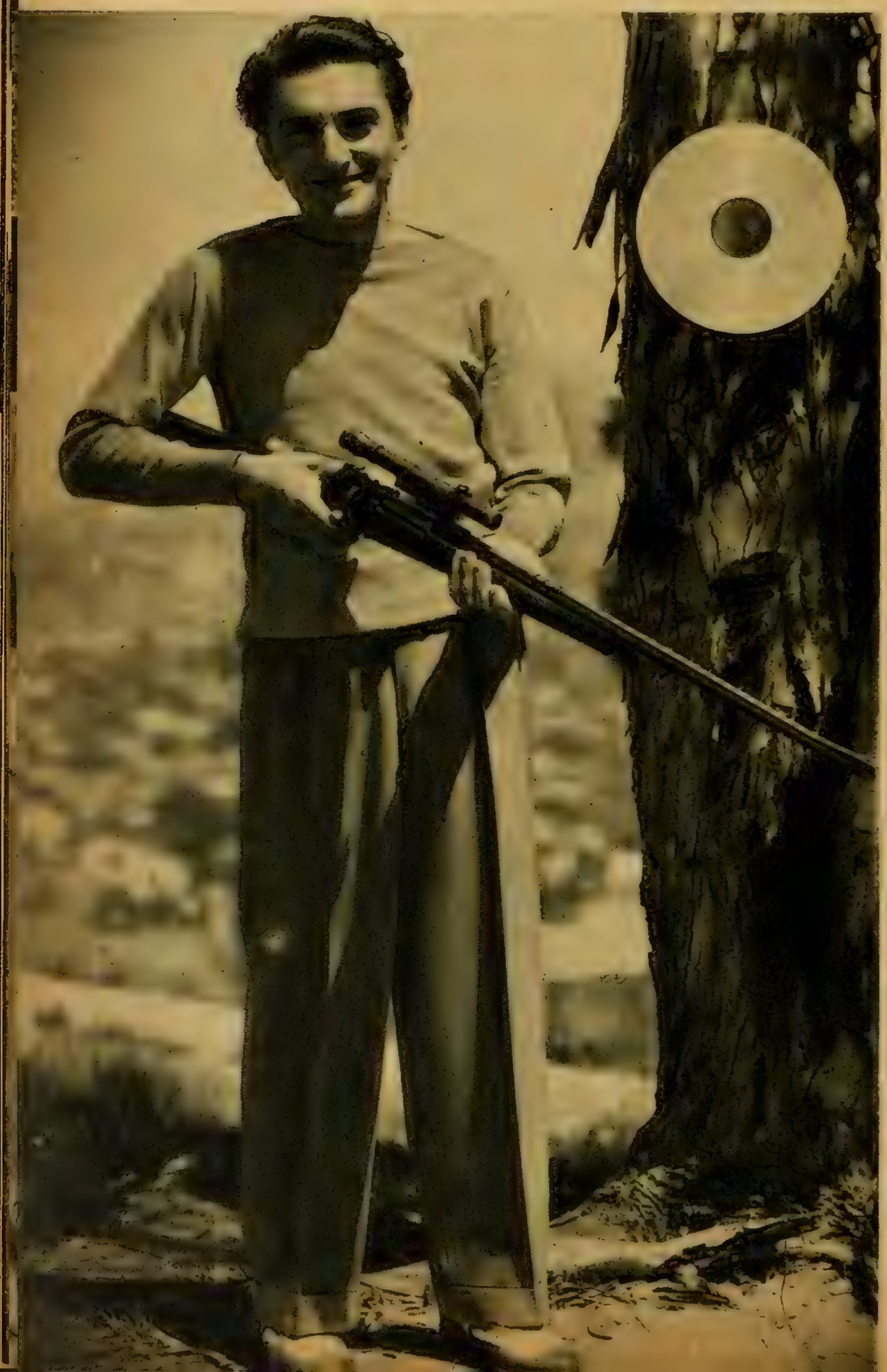
None other than Edna Fischer, who tickles the ivories for KFRC in San Francisco and in private life is the wife of Milton Hayes, bay region business man.

Edna, be it known, once bought a grand piano and went on tour at the ripe age of nineteen. But the show split up. And Edna had to sell the piano.

But, to make a long story short, Edna's proclivities for playing jazz tunes brought her vodvil fame 'round the world, and she recorded programs with the Duncan girls.

The past few years she has been content to rest by home and fireside and work at KFRC. In high heels, Edna manages to become five feet tall . . . copper-colored hair

● Georgie Stoll, maestro of "The Shell Show," goes gunning but aims at his discarded records.



BY DR. RALPH

the AIRWAVES

the news and gossip of the lives and loves among Pacific stars

and the tiniest of hands. A prize in a small package.

Statistically speaking, she has never been seasick; once wrote "Someday Soon"; can do splits and back bends on the gymnasium floor and introduced the Charleston in Australia, for which some folks have never forgiven her.

* * *

SHORT SHORTS

Eddie Albright, ten years KNX announcer, says Puccini is his favorite composer; Golf his best liked sport; radio his every-day hobby and the theatre his favored amusement.

Jack Carter, KNX's "Boy from London," in the same order lists Beethoven, golf, heraldry and the theatre; while Bill Ray, KFWB's theatre premier mike man, offers: Romberg, football, motoring and radio.

Jessie James has joined the staff of KFOX, at Long Beach, Cal. to keep up contacts between artist and the public . . . no relation to the famous outlaw.

* * *

Something new in radio programs? Well, here it is. The first of the summer a dog food sponsor in California used KFWB, Hollywood, for a one time shot. They invited dog owners to bring their pet canines over to a certain location during one week with free feeds for the pooches. Thousands of animals, on leash, waited in line and they fed several thousand. Each hound was fed in a separate stall and dish . . . but no napkins or finger bowls.

* * *

Bill (William H.) Wright has moved from KFRC in San Francisco down to Los Angeles. For many years he was in production work at the northern California station and, over the air, developed a half dozen characters of which his "Reginald Cheerily" fantastic travelogues won him the most acclaim. So, when the Shell Show was changed from the CBS coast network to the coast NBC lines in early summer, and production moved from Frisco to Los Angeles, Bill Wright moved south to continue his portion of the broadcasts.

Up in San Francisco his favorite diversion was riding the cable cars. In the new locale he has become a dog-track devotee and his 14-year-old daughter as well. But, a native of 'Frisco, he still longs for the smell of sea-fogs and the clang of the noisy cable cars scooting up and down Market Street.

* * *

This is a story of a real modern girl who has long hair, likes spinach, enjoys eating but doesn't gain weight, and who has a lovely singing voice but insists she can't sing.

If you don't believe it, all you have to do is drop a line to diminutive Virginia Haig, whose tantalizing voice is heard week-day eves over KYA from San Francisco

Once upon a time, that's the way all stories begin, Virginia sang "on a dare" at one of the bay region hotels and Tom Coakley, baton wielder and orchestral maestro, thought she was good enough to sign on with his band.

Most people want to be somethin' else. The street car conductor wants to be a prize fighter. The dentist thinks he'd like to be a sailor. But what do you think Miss Haig always wanted to be? A school teacher. But she is so small she was afraid the kids wouldn't take her seriously.

Looks as though Virginia's chief charm to interviewers is

● Meet Pretty Virginia Haig who gets on her high stool to broadcast into the KYA mike

● Drury Lane resigned as KNX's director a few months ago but now broadcasts tenor solos

that she actually doesn't start off with "Now when I was in New York." It's a fact. The gal has never been east. She says "There are so many good singers there that they wouldn't pay any attention to me."

But the fans 'round the Golden Gate think she's pretty good and are constant rooters for her programs. Looks like this would be a fine place for that "east is east, and west is west" stuff to fill out the paragraph.

* * *

Maury Leaf, radio bad-time story man in and around Hollywood, but not so much on the air lately, is polishing up his Hebrew dialect copy for a re-entry into radio ranks.

His favorite "hibrew pome" . . .

De day dat I was chreestened
De Rabbi wore a fron,
What he dees covered by mistake
He hed me hop-site-don.

* * *

The Barnes family, vodvil troupers for years, still pops up into the broadcast spectrum every once in a while around southern California. Not on any particular station, they are liable to bob up 'most anywhere.

Eddie, his daughter Eva, and the Missus used to do a vodvil act. But lately Eva has been going into the field of blues songs as a single.

"Little Eddie," weighing a quarter of a ton on anybody's hoofs, still reaches into his musical bag o' tricks and sings the song about the spearmint on the bedpost. Of course he can still warble new tunes, and oodles of old ones, too.

But "I'm Gonna Dance With de Guy What Brung Me" still rolls 'em over in the aisles. The audience likes it. And Eddie thinks he's a wow. Of course the audience thinks Eddie puts on the gas-house gang accent for their benefit. But Eddie knows better. That's the way he talks.

* * *

George Moskovics, who is really sales manager of KFVD-KFAC, Los Angeles, doesn't get before the mike. But he could. He can play a couple of hundred piano tunes and also knows three songs. But, says George. "To my notion, the biggest bore of any party is the mugg who wants to pound the piano and sing away in a whiskey-voiced tenor style." So far George hasn't been coaxed before a mike. But if, when, and should he be, the act would be a sensation.

* * *

Ted White's back again. But nobody knows where he has been the past year . . . probably journeying hither and yon in search of travel and adventure.

But the former NBC singer on the west coast finally dropped into Los Angeles in June, and this time will probably have a permanent radio connection.

Though he was once a KHJ staff singer, most people remember him best for his NBC efforts.

Ted's recipe for becoming a radio tenor is somewhat as follows. Study piano in high school; enter Columbia University to study medicine; switch over to journalism.

Anyway, that's the way he did. His first assignment was to travel from New York to cover the Harding trip and he wrote up the President's death.

For no reason at all, he stayed on in the west and played the piano at KPO as his initial radio stunt. Later he went to Reno as a night club singer and then re-entered the realm of radio as a chance to exercise his vocal talents.

Born in Athens, Tenn., in 1902, he is still looking for the

ON THE PACIFIC

"right girl." So he says.

* * *

Nick (Nicholas) Harris has been giving programs over KFI, Los Angeles, for nearly twelve years and the audience still stays with him.

Originally he gave a detective yarn with all the program as a narrative. But gradually music was intermingled with the talks, and finally many of the programs took on drama form with re-enactment of the scenes.

Years ago Nick was a police reporter. But for the past 25 years he has been running a detective agency and, as a hobby lately, the radio talks fashioned from famous stories in crime annals.

If you should visit Nick in his office, you would find a gold fish bowl in one corner and a couple of live parakeets in the other. "Psychology, my boy," says Nick. "When people in trouble come to see me, these things get their attention and take their minds off the trials and tribulations of the day." Clever people these Chinese.

* * *

Van Alstyne Fleming has moved in on the crowd at KGW-KEX, in Portland, Oregon, where the two stations use the same facilities and early in the summer erected wooden aerial masts as an experiment instead of the time-honored steel posts.

Van gets mighty peeved if you call him by his full name, though he admits he was christened Van Alstyne. But life is like that. Anyway, the transmitters zoom out with a lot of zip and will carry his announcing voice a long ways. Incidentally, he will also do some continuity tasks and production duties in addition to announcing.

Unless you're a new fan, you will remember Van two or three years ago as being on the NBC coast network in the team of Van and Don (Van and Donald McNeill) as "The Two Professors." The boys put on a goofy 15 minutes of comic stuff that went over big.

When they split up Van drifted to Los Angeles and worked on both KFAC and KNX for quite a spell before journeying up to the northwest late in the spring.

In case you're interested girls . . . Van was born in Oswego, Kansas, some 31 years ago, is 5 feet 9 inches tall; weighs 160 pounds more or less, and has brown hair and sparkling blue eyes. And, unless he's changed his style during the warm summer months, he's still sporting one of those cute, dainty tooth-brush mustaches.

● This KPO songster is Nanette La Salle who deserted an office typewriter for a broadcast career

AIR WAVES

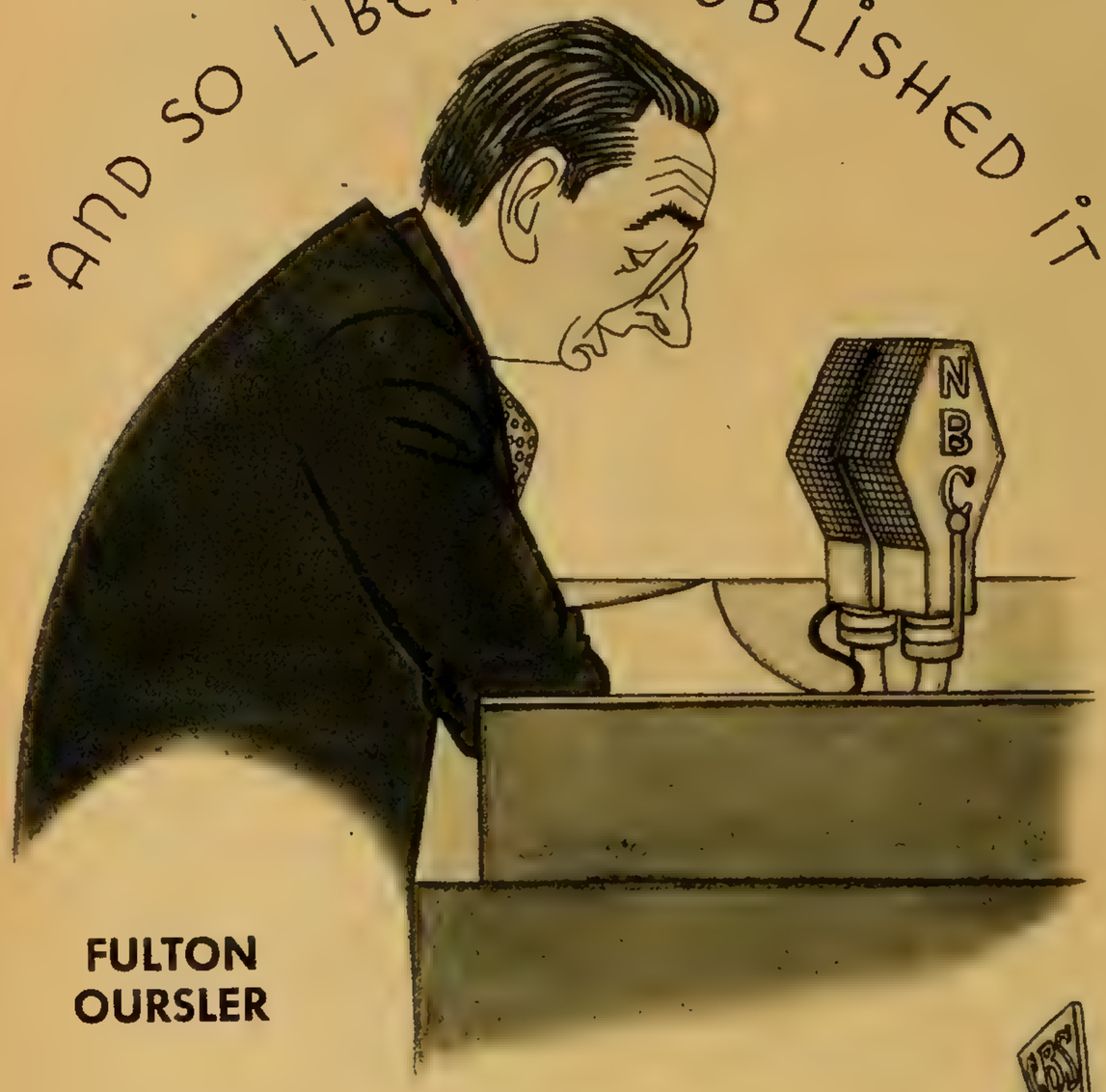
Frederick ("Fritz") Bittke has been places. Born in Hamburg, Germany, his family moved to Chicago where he started to school. But he launched forth into a cruel world before getting into school because the fussy old teachers at the Langland School in Chicago asked him to get out.

So he began to get interested in radio. No. You didn't catch us there. Of course it wasn't called radio in those days. Then everybody called it wireless (code), and it wasn't until public broadcast of voice and music came into our midst that folks began calling it radio.

When Fritz left the ponderous, heavy tomes of book learning he started to work for the telephone company and delved into wireless matters. So much so, in fact, that during the world war he was attached to the wireless branch of the General Staff's intelligence section. The last part of the affray he was at the front and later was assigned to the Army of Occupation at Luxembourg because he could speak English, French and German.

When he returned to the states he studied painting and singing, and finally entered radio (*Continued on page* 64)

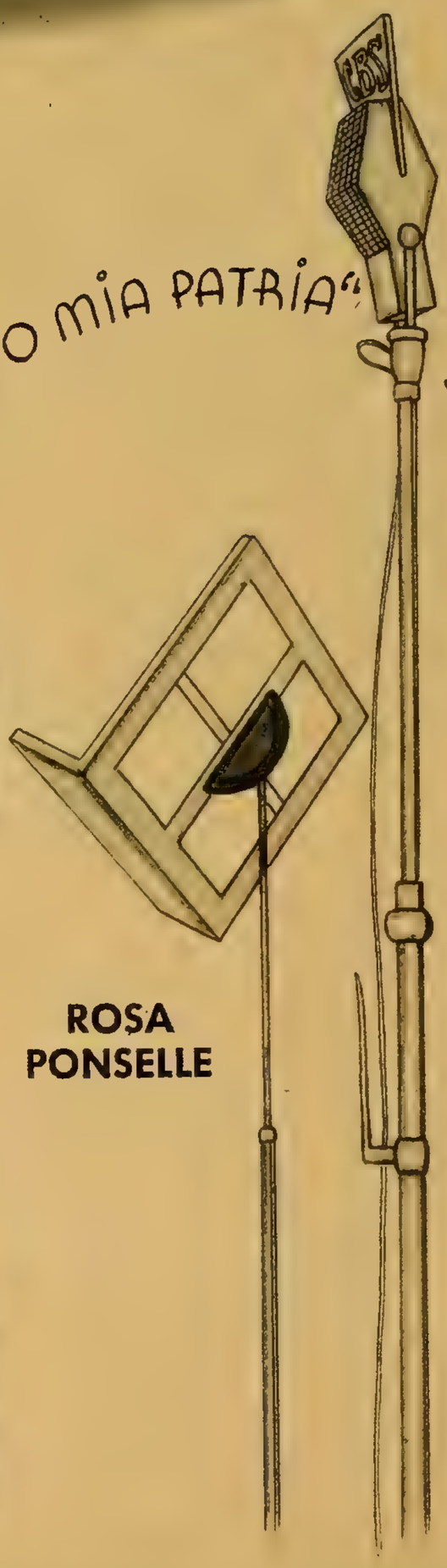
GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



FULTON OURSLER

MORTON DOWNEY

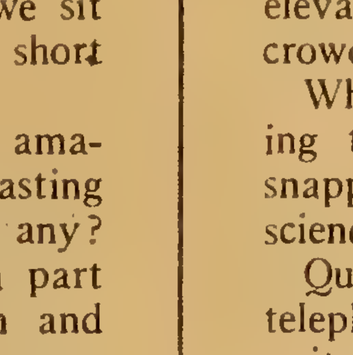
ROSA PONSELLE



IRVING BERLIN

GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.

Dialing the Short Waves



WHERE do all these programs come from? That's the question uppermost in our minds as we sit up until the wee, small hours, playing with our short wave sets.

What does a police radio room look like? Is an amateur's transmitter like the ones used by broadcasting stations, and what sort of studio does he have, if any? Is Daventry a part of London, as Brooklyn is a part of New York—and how about Pontoise, Huizen and Hilversum, all great short wave centers?

We know all about Radio City and the handsome studios of the CBS, but we're curious about the more thrilling spots that send out programs which keep us up all night. Let's find out something about them, these amateurs, police and foreign cities. There are plenty of interesting facts, which I unearthed by visiting New York's police headquarters, some amateur stations and a few foreign consulates and libraries.

Do you want to know what I learned? Then come along; we're going places!

First we walk along Centre Street, in one of New York's oldest sections. Occupying the entire block between Broome and Grand Streets is Headquarters, an old white stone, five-story building. Up the stairs we go—the interior is flavored with antiquity; there are the marble stairs and ornate cornices of a by-gone era. One lone elevator plys slowly up and down. We get in with a crowd of alert blue-coats and ride up to the Dome.

When we get there, we realise that it's only the building that's archaic. The men who serve the law are snappy and alert; their equipment the most modern that science can devise.

Quickly a uniformed policeman leads us through the telephone room, where husky men in blue shirts sit at switchboards—the nerve center of the city's police. They get information from all who telephone in, relaying calls to the right divisions, or sending help when help is needed.

Now a door opens. We step through it, into the Radio Room, where Captain Gerald Morris, Assistant Superintendent of the Telegraph Bureau, and his corps of men keep in constant contact with the City's thousand radio patrol cars.

Capt. Morris, with a mop of curly black hair and piercing blue eyes, looks like a movie director's ideal of the police executive type—broad shouldered and strong jawed. His immediate superior, Superintendent William G. Allan, is also a type; the portly, grizzled, florid officer who has grown old in the defence of the public.

(*Continued on page* 61)

BY GLOBE TWISTER

● Gladys Rice is one of the veteran singers of the radio

● Pugilistic Max Baer airs some facts about himself

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY

11:30 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
Your Sabbath morning musical greeting.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Music Hall Symphony—Radio City Symphony Orchestra—chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Soft words and good music from Mr. Rockefeller's mammoth emporium.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.
This time it's Small things in big packages.

3:00 P. M. Bar X Days and Nights—romance of the early West. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.
Those were the good old days, or were they?

3:00 P. M. Detroit Symphony Orchestra with Victor Kolar conducting. WABC and associated stations.
The middle-west stays high brow with strings.

3:00 P. M. Talkie Picture Time—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. WEAF and associated stations.
Manhattan taking a Hollywood turn of mind.

5:30 P. M. The Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, Baritone; Chicago a Capella choir direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
They're always dependable.

5:30 P. M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson with Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations
You'll forget the heat while they're on.

7:00 P. M. Silken Strings—Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
All in the cause of smooth ankles.

7:45 P. M. The Fitch Program—Wendall Hall. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Hot stuff with a Dixie inflection.

8:00 P. M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante, comedian, and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
The nose knows and so do your ears.

8:00 P. M. The Voice of Columbia with George Jessel, Master of Ceremonies. WABC and associated stations.
Georgie's back again and "welcome" say we.

9:00 P. M. Gulf Headliners—Will Rogers, the Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman's Orchestra (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
A lariat-thrower gives you some simple philosophy.

9:00 P. M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Vaudeville on your own front porch.

9:00 P. M. Ward's Family Theatre with Guest stars, James Melton and Josef Pasternack's Orchestra. (Ward Baking Company). WABC and associated stations.
Melton's voice is really beautiful.

9:30 P. M. American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.
You know all the tunes but you can't sing them like this.

9:30 P. M. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Ford Motor Car). Also on Thursday night. WABC and associated stations.
The ork pilot has a way with him.

10:00 P. M. Chevrolet Program—Victor Young and his orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
A good air ride and you don't need gas.

10:00 P. M. Madame Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays. (Gerber & Company, Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.
The grand old lady still at it.

10:00 P. M. Wayne King's Orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Monday. WABC and associated stations.
Romantic melodies for a moon-light night.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT

WITH US-

10:30 P. M. Hall of Fame—guest artist; orchestra direction of Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Bringing prominent folk to the mike.

10:30 P. M. "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood". (The Borden Company). WABC and associated stations.
And milk is so nourishing.

11:15 P. M. Henry Busse and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
One of Chicago's pets in modern rhythm.

MONDAY

10:00 A. M. Breen and De Rose—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
Your old friends still visiting you every morning.

10:15 A. M. Bill and Ginger. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Nice young things in pleasant moments.

10:15 A. M. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.) Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
Those gals know everything about their neighbors.

11:15 A. M. Will Osborne and his Orchestra with Pedro De Cordoba and his friendly philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.) Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Good music and a little advice.

12:00 Noon The Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products Company). Daily except Sunday and also Monday at 3:15 P. M. and Tuesdays at 8:15 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
Everybody's troubles are dropped on his doorstep and he loves it.

2:15 P. M. Romance of Helen Trent—(Edna Wallace Hopper, cosmetics). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
Proving that love isn't only for sweet sixteen.

5:15 P. M. Skippy—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
Vocalizing a popular comic strip.

5:30 P. M. The Singing Lady—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.
It is for your kiddies to hurry the sandman's call.

5:30 P. M. Jack Armstrong, The All American Boy. Daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc.,—Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.
To make the boys healthy and wise.

5:45 P. M. Little Orphan Annie—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Company). WJZ and associated stations.
Little Annie's travelling a lot these days.

6:15 P. M. Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O-Cereals). WABC and associated stations.
One of those "spread a little sunshine" pairs.

6:45 P. M. Dixie Circus—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's Orchestra. (Dixie drinking cups). WABC and associated stations.
The famous old clown in a new medium—and no sawdust.

7:00 P. M. Amos 'n' Andy—blackface comedians—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.
They deserve that swell vacation but you'll miss them.

7:15 P. M. Gene and Glenn—Comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
If at first you don't succeed try again—and their luck has changed.

7:15 P. M. Baby Rose Marie—Songs. WJZ and associated stations.
A precocious child hi-di-hiing.

7:30 P. M. The Molle Show—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, Piano; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.
A good variety program.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Programs
Continued on Page 58

SAVING TIME

● Nobody knows the name of radio's Masked Mystery Singer

● Young Billy Starr warbles with Frank Dailey's orchestra

● Jack Denny isn't always leading an orchestra. Sometimes he slips into his own kitchen and mixes a salad.

In the

NOW that the warm weather is here most of our radio celebrities will be off the air waves for short vacations, giving them more time in which to demonstrate their culinary talents to their various friends they entertain at home or at the summer houses. Not only will this give them a chance to forget the microphone for a few days, but each star has his favorite summer recipe he is anxious to try.

Many of the frozen ices, sherbets, ice creams, and other delicacies the ethereal star knows are soothing to the overtired vocal cords, also refreshing and highly delightful to those of us who never saw inside a studio.

Grace Hayes gives a new Frozen Cheese Alexandra that is certain to please you; Pearl X, of the X Sisters tells how to bake a simply grand Cream Cake, and Rosaline Greene makes a marvelously refreshing Orange Cream Sherbet.

Fred Huffsmith knows how you will like Fried Shrimps, and John Barclay has a Peach Ice Cream recipe that is the best you have ever tried.

Kathryn Newman, the coloratura soprano of the NBC network is an excellent cook and loves to bake. One of her favorite recipes is for Clover Leaf Rolls to serve with a luncheon or dinner.

CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

2 cups scalded milk
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sugar
5½ cups flour
2 teaspoons salt
1 yeast cake
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 egg

Add the butter, sugar and salt to the milk, when this is lukewarm add the yeast cake which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Add three cups of the flour; beat very well, cover and allow to stand to rise until a light mixture. Cut down and add the egg. Then add the rest of the flour, enough to knead the batter. Let rise until double in size, and turn onto slightly floured board. Knead and shape into tiny balls, brush with melted butter, and place three of these into a greased muffin tin. Cover with cloth and board, and let rise again until double in bulk. Bake in 425° F. oven for about fifteen minutes, until nicely browned.

Helen Jepson, the lyric soprano of radio fame, is another of our exceptional cooks. Her special indulgence is this dish of Frogs' Legs.

FROGS' LEGS

Trim and clean the legs. Then sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip first in fine crumbs, then egg, and then crumbs again. Fry in deep fat for about three minutes, drain and serve.

Grace Hayes, the singer and actress of the air, will tell you she is a grand cook, and anyone who has eaten her foods will readily agree. This Frozen Cheese Alexandra will be a special delight for warm weather.

And all your friends will come back for more of it.

Cool dishes for warm days. That's how the radio stars keep their vitality through torrid months. Let them tell you how to prepare appetizing meals for a summer day

Stars' Kitchens

Frozen Cheese Alexandra

1 cup butter
½ pound Roquefort cheese
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon paprika
2 teaspoons finely cut chives
Sherry flavoring

Cream the butter, and add the cheese, working until well blended. Add salt, paprika, chives, and sherry flavoring to taste. Fill small mold and place in drawer of refrigerator to freeze for about one hour. Serve with hot toasted rye or whole wheat bread.

Pearl X, of the Three X sisters is the only one of the trio who likes to bake or cook, although Vi X is tempted greatly by rich desserts, and Jessie X enjoys her fish perfectly served. Pearl is particularly successful with this Cream Cake.

Cream Cake

2 eggs
⅞ cup sugar
⅔ cup thin cream
1⅔ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put eggs that have not been beaten or separated into a bowl, add sugar and cream and beat thoroughly. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, and salt, and add to this the first mixture. Bake in shallow pan for thirty minutes in 325° F. oven. Serve with crushed strawberries, or with a thick icing.

Rosaline Greene, another of our radio actresses, likes the kitchen but not too often. One of her most interesting concoctions is this Orange Cream Sherbet.

Orange Cream Sherbet

1¼ cups sugar
1½ cups orange juice
½ pint heavy cream
2 cups milk
Salt

Mix the sugar, orange juice, and a few grains of salt, then add slowly to the milk and cream. Freeze in refrigerator for about one and one-half hours before serving. . . . This is simply prepared and yet refreshing and tasty for an evening dessert.

Fred Huffsmith, the lyric tenor, is one man who may truly boast of his preparation of a meal. He certainly is good. We like these Fried Shrimps from Mr. Huffsmith's table of delicacies.

Fried Shrimps

Remove the shell, and make a cut along the outside of the shrimp to cut away the black line which is the intestines. Season with salt, pepper, and dip in cracker dust and egg. Fry until well browned.

The popular pianist and composer Newell Chase says his greatest extravagance is good food, so you may well expect a happy surprise from his kitchen work-table. An unusual way to serve Chicken Livers is to have them sautéd. And here is the way Mr. Chase fixes them.

Sautéd Chicken Livers

Parboil the livers to make them soft, and cook until when tried with a fork they are tender. Dip in flour and sauté in very hot pan of melted butter seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry until brown. Garnish with little sprigs of parsley.

John Barclay will cook anytime he is asked, but like many of the men he refuses to clean up after he is finished. You like his singing and acting, and we are certain you will be as well pleased with his Peach Ice Cream.

Peach Ice Cream

3 cups thin cream
1 cup peach juice and pulp
½ teaspoon lemon juice
4 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt

Mix cream, egg whites beaten (*Continued on page* 80)

● Lucille Manners, popular radio soprano, beats up a chilled pudding that her dinner guests enjoy on a warm evening

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

Now's the time for all romantic-minded girls to see that the crown is really one of shining glory and not faded, straggling strands

● It's gold and it glitters, this fascinating healthy hair of Mildred Twain, stock actress on the NBC chain

Glistening Hair FOR SUMMER MOONS

A WOMAN'S hair is her crowning glory only if the proper care and dressing of her tresses are planned to fit in with the costume and her personality.

The idea that your hair is secondary in beauty is absurd for you may enhance its loveliness to overcome any slight irregularity that might otherwise mar your beauty and attractiveness.

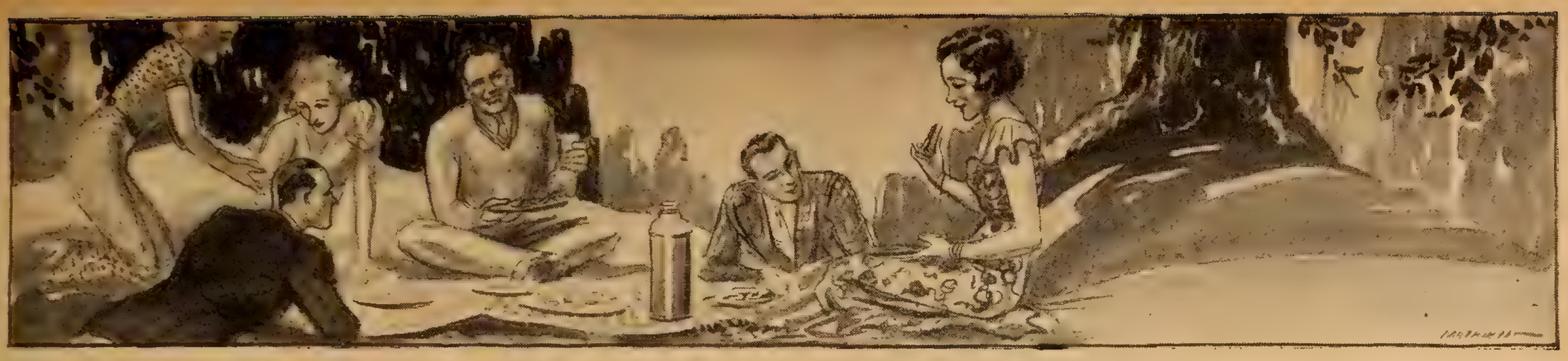
There is nothing severe or mannish in the hair dressing for this season, everything is for feminine charm. The straight, colorless, and lifeless hair may be made into a simple yet startlingly alive subject.

Harry Vogt, a member of the Coiffure Guild of New York, which consists of only twenty-seven members, and the winner of the International Permanent Wave contest, tells you how to make your hair-comb reflect charm, beauty, and personality.

Hair styles for this season are still inclined to be a long bob. For daytime the curls are very much in demand, but they now pile high up in the back. The neck must be kept entirely free from any hair whatsoever. The top of the head has either very shallow waves or none at all, and the deep waves close to the head are passe. The hair is brushed briskly back from the forehead, exposing the free hair line to greatest advantage. For the soft feminine touch curls rather than bangs will be the vogue. As to the length of the hair, the cut is worn a little shorter, exposing about one-third of the ears, but no more than this should be seen. To achieve these styles a good permanent wave is essential, if the hair has no natural curl. Mr. Vogt says if there is no natural curl you must have a wave, but if the hair is inclined to be just a little wavy he has often given only a half of a permanent.

The hair should be brushed frequently, especially in these hot months, if you wish to continue to have luster and the wave is to be shown to be at its loveliest. The top of the hair is brushed back from the face in a simple manner. For the summer the hair loses a great deal of oil from excessive heat and the salt water. Occasionally a good treatment is needed to have the perfect hair-comb you must have to complete the grand clothes you have purchased.

Bleached or dyed hair should be cautiously guarded from over exposure to the glares (*Continued on page* 80)



Let's Have a Picnic

● A shady spot, cool breezes, a basketful of goodies and some pleasant companions—that's all you need for the picnic party

THE luxury of a blouse and knickers again, the aroma of toasted marshmallows, the beauty of the country, and the remembrance of eating from the green grass are enough to start us packing food to leave immediately. Yes it is only a picnic that might lend such a festive day.

The informality, the joy of leaving the city, forgetting the office, and our problems makes it a wonder that we do not go on more picnics. It is like the circus, we love it but think those days for us are over, and we must take the youngster, or invite a neighbor's child for an excuse to attend the fun ourselves.

Leave in the morning, everyone having his package, and drive to the destination, which will be a beautiful country spot as far away from the city as possible. A large crowd is the greatest sport, and the plans of the day will be varied enough to entice all your friends.

Bring along bathing suits for a dip in the lake or river near the picnic spot, a baseball and bat and a camera. You can form a mixed ball team and record the funny moments with informal snapshots.

We will have two menus, one for the reservation where we have a fire to cook the foods, and another for a secluded spot to serve the luncheon that is already prepared. To decide what each must bring have slips with the names of dishes written on them, and everyone draws a paper. Of course paper plates, cups, and napkins will be used, and either an inexpensixe cloth from home or a paper cloth will be necessary to place the foods upon. The silver and the thermos bottles, with the containers holding the foods are the only equipment to be taken back.

MENU TO COOK AT THE PICNIC

Baked Potatoes Steak *Fried Mushrooms
Baked Beans Rolls Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Cake Apple Pie Fruits
*Toasted Marshmallows *Punch Coffee
Or Weinies and Rolls Instead of the Steak

MENU PREPARED AT HOME

Roast Chicken *Potato Salad Cole Slaw
*Sandwiches Pickles Olives
Fruits Cakes Crackers
Nuts Candy Coffee Punch

Fried Mushrooms

Take along a frying pan, and clean and cut mushrooms at home. Place them in hot greased pan and fry until well browned. Cover these over the steak.

Toasted Marshmallows

Everyone must have a long stick, place marshmallow on end of stick, hold over fire and allow to toast until brown.

Punch

Use about two quarts of water, plenty of ice, one quart of grape juice, four sliced bananas, three sliced oranges, one cup of raspberries, mint leaves, and about one cup of sugar, sweeten to taste.

Potato Salad

Boil the potatoes, in salted water for about forty minutes or until soft. Cool, peel, cut in cubes, and season with salt and pepper. Add enough mayonnaise for moisture, about three sliced hard boiled eggs, and one quarter cup of parsley. Sprinkle with paprika and chill.

SANDWICHES

Liver Wurst and Roquefort Cheese

Spread slices of liver wurst on rye bread, cover with Roquefort cheese, and a lettuce leaf. Cover with another slice of rye bread.

Cucumber and Mayonnaise

Butter thin slice of whole wheat bread, place on slices of cucumber, spread with Mayonnaise, and top with other slice of whole wheat bread.

Minced Ham on White Bread

Butter slices of white bread spread with minced ham and finely chopped green peppers. Top with another slice of white bread.

As a matter of fact, if you boast of a lawn or a front porch and you don't want to go riding or hiking, you can invite some of your friends and give the picnic right at home. You can put the food in serving dishes on a table and let the guests help themselves. You'll see how they enjoy it.

BY CHASE GILES

CHICAGO

THE boys and girls in Chicago radioland should form a Life Savers Club. You may think it a stretch of imagination to say radio actually does save lives but just read these accounts . . .

Vic and Sade received a letter from a Massachusetts woman. The woman said her husband had died two years ago. She had lost all interest in life . . . was planning suicide. And then a friend persuaded her to listen to the Vic and Sade program. The broadcast, with its simple, true to life characterizations and homely humor changed her entire outlook on life. She wrote the artists, Art Van Harvey (Vic), Bernardine Flynn (Sade) and Billy Idelson (Rush) thanking them for having saved her life.

Then there was the morning when New York called Chicago and the Breakfast Club NBC broadcast was changed around. The whole network show was switched to please a little girl who was close to death's door. The Dark Angel was rustling her wings in the little girl's room. Her father was the man who called from New York so frantically.

Little eight-year-old Jeannette Hof lay desperately ill at Hewlett, Long Island, from a streptococcus infection complicated by pneumonia. Doctors gave her little chance of recovery. Jeannette was past caring and when you yourself really don't care whether or not you live then you usually die. They tried one thing after another in an effort to rouse her interest, to rekindle the ambition to live. Jeannette's lethargy grew. She was sinking.

Then some one mentioned music. Her pinched little face lit up. She whispered to Daddy: "Please have Uncle Joe play my memory song." It took them a minute to remember who Uncle Joe was. And then it dawned on them. He was Joe Englehart, NBC violinist in Chicago. Joe had visited down there a year before had met little Jeannette and had charmed her with a sweet little tune he'd played for her. Daddy got on the phone and called Joe.

When the Breakfast Club went on the air that morning Jeannette heard Uncle Joe fulfill his promise. She heard her "memory song" as she called it. She heard Master of Ceremonies Don McNeill announce the reason why that number was played and ask the prayers of the listeners for the little girl. The Dark Angel spread her wings and softly flew away.

But the most poignant of all the life saving stories around Chicago happened at WLS the other day. The Westerners went on the air to do the cowboy program Wynn Orr had written for them. It was a very special program—a real life saver. Instead of telling you about it we'll just print the script exactly as it was written for and read by the Westerners over WLS that day . . .

● Bess Johnson is the Lady Esther whose voice you hear on Wayne King's programs

BREEZES

Thrilling sidelights on human stories that happen around the Chicago studios

KELLY (Announcer) "Friends, there came to the Westerners in this morning's mail a letter. It told a tragic story —a story of hopelessness, despair. Now, my friend—you who wrote the letter I am about to read—we are asking you to listen to this entire program before you do anything. Listen closely. A man of your courage and unselfishness is the type of man for whom this world has great need. We have some good news—the best possible news you could hear. I am going to read your letter now.

"'Dear Westerners: I listened to your program today and enjoyed it very much. There is one request I would like to make and let me state it will be my last request as I am tired of life. I haven't any job and no prospects of any. So, you see, there isn't anything for me to carry on for as a job and money mean so much these days. I can't give the one I love the things in life I would like to. And so you see why I say it is my last request. I am going to end it so she can get my insurance and get the things necessary for her to finish school. This will be a terrible thirty-second birthday for me. Please play this for me and when "The Last Round-up" is over I will be done for. So sorry to ask—and to tell you my troubles. I will be listening in from Saturday, the 21st, on until you get this letter. Will listen in at 3:15 until Thursday afternoon.'

"This fine man's sincerity, his sacrifice, the taking of his own life so the girl he loves more than life itself may not suffer is evidence of a courage too great to be denied. It is the same unconquerable courage which enabled William Henley, who had contracted the plague, to fight on—and win out. Lesser men would have given up. Cowards would have whipped out knives or guns and ended it all. What did Henley do? Did he give up while his world came creaking down about his head? He did not. He rose above his sorrow, into the realms of spiritual power and left for other men—discouraged men and hopeless women—the noblest words of a century.

(ORGAN UP AND FADE AS BACK GROUND)

LESTER TREMAYNE (Reading)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

(*Continued on page 78*)

● Henry Busse, Chicago dance maestro, goes into a pose for his "Busse Glide"

What do you want to know about your favorite Radio stars? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

WERE Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler married to somebody else before they married each other?—Ruth T., Galveston, Tex.

Al was but this is Ruby Keeler's first plunge.

Doesn't Fred Waring answer any of his fan mail? I wrote to him once before but he didn't pay any attention to my request for an autographed picture of him. Do you think I should try again? I think he's wonderful and I'd love to have a photograph of him for my desk.—Mary F., Boston, Mass.

Have a heart, Mary, and don't be severe in your judgment of Mr. Waring. He's a very busy man and I'm sure he must get so much fan mail, it's difficult for him to keep up with it all. However, why don't you try again? You may have better luck this time.

Is it true that Joe Penner was once a school teacher?—Thomas A., Newark, N. J.

If he was, nobody ever heard about it. Joe is a dyed-in-the-wool actor and has been trying to make people laugh for many years. This looks like his big year, doesn't it?

To settle an argument will you please tell us to whom Paul Whiteman was married before he married Margaret Livingston and where his former wife comes from?—Nita V., Brooklyn.

Mr. Whiteman married Miss Livingston after his divorce from Vanda Hoff, a California girl who was at one time a stage dancer.

Is Ben Bernie only joking when he tells all about the money he loses on horse racing? I want to know if that's a joke or if the Ole Maestro is really serious?—Martin E., Wilmington, Del.

It's no joke to Ben because from what we've been able to gather Ben may be a whizz at picking good air material but his luck hasn't been so hot at the race tracks. In other words when Ben bets on a horse it usually comes staggering in the day after the race.

Can you tell us which orchestra leader was the first to broadcast—Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee, Vincent Lopez or Ben Bernie?—Dorothy W., Santa Barbara.

Lopez was the first. He broadcast from the old WJZ station in Newark, N. J., when it was the only studio in the metropolitan area.

Is Gertrude Niesen married? Also is Vera Van married?—Fred C., Denver.

Both are single, Fred.

Was one of the big New York stations originally owned by Western Union?—George K., Louisville.

Station WEAF was originally owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company before the organization of the National Broadcasting Company which took over WEAF and WJZ.

My radio isn't the same now that Bing Crosby no longer broadcasts on Monday nights. I like some of the other singers but they don't compare with him. Why don't they get somebody like him so we can listen to popular songs as they should be sung. And when is Bing coming back?—Daisy S., Memphis, Tenn.

Daisy, if there were another Bing Crosby he'd be worth a lot of money to himself and his sponsors. Bing has that something in his voice which you gals go for like chocolate ice cream sodas on a hot summer day.

Bing will be back in the fall. Are you happy?

Is Lanny Ross married? Somebody told me he was married when he went to Hollywood but I never read anything about it. —Helen B., Toledo.

Lanny's not married. In Hollywood he was wedded to his cinema art and not to any beautiful lady. He told us so himself.

Are the Happiness Boys off the air entirely? They used to be so popular but we never hear of them any more out here.—Katherine U., Butte, Mont.

They're not on the NBC chain any more but they have been broadcasting under their own names, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, over WOR from the New York studio.

I read in one of the other magazines that Mae West had signed a big radio contract but I never heard anything more about it. Was that true?—Bertha C., Baltimore.

Don't blame us for what you read elsewhere. We're only accountable for what appears in RADIO MIRROR. Fair enough? As a matter of fact Miss West did

WANT TO KNOW?

negotiate with a big sponsor but the contract was never signed, just as we told you months ago.

To the scores of readers who wrote in asking if Father Coughlin was through on the airways, here's the latest information on the subject:

Father Coughlin plans to return to broadcasting in the fall, probably in October, if he can finance the arrangements. You know engaging time on the air is very expensive and he stopped because of lack of funds.

Is it true that Ed Wynn is through in radio? I understand his contract was not renewed. Tell me the truth.—Bob H., Chicago.

The truth is all you'll ever get from us. He has signed a new contract and will be back after his summer vacation.

Will you name some of the comedians who have been engaged for motion pictures in Hollywood after their radio success?—Henry F., Montpelier, Vt.

Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Joe Penner, Jack Benny, Ben Bernie, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, Joe Cook, Amos 'n' Andy, among others. Al Jolson and Jimmy Durante were in pictures before they got big spots on the air.

Will you answer this question? Who was the first to broadcast on a political issue, Franklin D. Roosevelt or Alfred E. Smith?—Stanley A., Cleveland.

Mr. Smith.

In your magazine under a picture of Rosaline Greene you said she was the Mary Lou of "Showboat." I never heard that before—Grace W., Evansville.

The caption said she was the talking voice of Mary Lou. Several sopranos have filled the singing part but it is Miss Greene's voice you hear during the dialogue of the broadcast. All right now?

Is Gracie Allen really as dumb off the air as George Burns always tells her during her broadcasts?—Jennie B., New York City.

Nobody could be that dumb and win so much success as Miss Allen. She only acts that way for her radio public—and look how it pays!

Who is the prettiest girl in radio? Some of them never would win prizes for their looks, would they? I think the men as a rule are better looking than the girls, don't you?—Frankie O., Pittsburgh.

Now, puh-leeze! Do you want us to get in trouble? After all they're paid for their vocal accomplishments and not for their faces. Besides there are Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Ruth Etting, Harriet Hilliard, Vera Van, Leah Ray, Jessica Dragonette, Sylvia Froos, Frances Langford, Betty Barthell and dozens of other very attractive girls who broadcast. When you're speaking of handsome men, I hope you don't mean Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, Jack Pearl, Joe Penner, Bert Lahr or any of those highly-paid artists, do you?

How about giving Phil Harris a break in your magazine? I think he's swell.—Edna C., Marietta, O.

You're not joking are you? We've given Mr. Harris several breaks. Don't you remember that big feature story we used about him in our first issue last November and the pictures since that time? Edna, we have to give some of the others a chance, too, you know.

Whatever happened to Helen Morgan? I used to enjoy her broadcasts so much.—Marion J., Portland, Me.

She's been out in California, appearing in stage productions there.

Is George M. Cohan off the air for good? If that's so, I'm sorry because I liked him.—Martin R., Detroit.

Try to keep the Yankee Doodle Dandy away from a microphone for good? Don't be silly. He'll be back, wait and see.

Is there any set schedule for the President's broadcasts? I mean do the radio people know now just when he'll be on again, or is it arranged at short notice?—Henry C., Charleston, S. C.

No. When President Roosevelt believes he has something important and timely enough to present to his people directly, the radio officials are notified and every other program must give precedence to his request. President Roosevelt has been more than considerate in his use of the air. And the broadcasters are always delighted at the opportunity to give him time. They know the whole nation will be listening.

By the Oracle, who'll try to tell you all the things you've been wanting to know about broadcast stars, programs and personalities

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS

$500.00
IN CASH PRIZES

YOU CAN WIN IF YOU RECOGNIZE THE STARS!

THE RULES

1 Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known radio personalities.

2 Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3 For the nearest correctly assembled, named and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits RADIO MIRROR will award $500.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4 Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5 Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

6 When your entry is complete send it by first-class mail to SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7 No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8 Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9 All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 1

Name.....

.....

Name.....

.....

Name.....

.....

Name.....

.....

SET NO. 2 WILL BE PRINTED

SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST

WILL PAY SIXTY-SEVEN BIG CASH AWARDS FOR THE BEST SOLUTIONS. SEE LIST BELOW

ON the opposite page are four composite pictures of people well known in the radio world. Their pictures have been published frequently in RADIO MIRROR, in the daily papers and in fan magazines. You would have no trouble to recognize them if they were not scrambled. Can you cut the composites apart and assemble four correct portraits from them? Then you stand an excellent chance to win one of RADIO MIRROR'S sixty-seven cash awards. Read the rules carefully. Then assemble and identify this month's pictures. Do not send in anything until you have a complete set of twelve pictures. Four more will be printed in the next issue. The final four will appear in the October issue. Keep in mind the fact that it is not necessary to prepare an elaborate entry. Simplicity is best.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, *Each $10.00*	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each $5.00*	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each $2.00*	100.00

TOTAL 67 PRIZES, $500.00

NEXT MONTH. DON'T MISS IT!

"OUR PUBLIC"

A KNOCK OR A BOOST?
WHAT WINS YOUR APPLAUSE? WHAT GETS YOUR GOAT?

Now is the time and this is the spot to air your pet peeves and hand over your bouquets.

We know there are things you don't like on the ether waves, just as there are programs which we, personally, could skip and never miss. On the other hand, there are features of high entertainment value and artists who give you so much pleasure through your loud speaker, don't you think you might do a little broadcasting yourselves and let's know what you think, how you feel—what it's all about?

Thousands of you have already written in, expressing your opinions not only about broadcasting but about your own RADIO MIRROR. We welcome the excellent suggestions and we blush at the praises—but we like 'em! That doesn't mean, however, that we don't want fair criticism. It's the only way we can know what you want. Our West Coast readers asked for more Pacific coast news and Dr. Power is giving it to them. In response to Chicago clamors, we have Chase Giles digging up all the news and gossip of the WINDY CITY. We put in a query department and a Short Wave feature because we discovered through your letters that's what you wanted. ANYTHING ELSE?

Not only are we pleased to get your criticisms but we'll pay you for them!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, LETTERS TO CONTAIN NOT MORE THAN 200 WORDS, AND TELL WHAT YOU THINK OF RADIO BROADCASTING AND OF RADIO MIRROR. Mail them not later than July 22. The most constructive letter will earn TWENTY DOLLARS, the second best TEN DOLLARS AND THE NEXT FIVE ONE DOLLAR EACH.

HERE ARE THIS MONTH'S PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS:

$20.00 PRIZE

Outside of your sketches of radio personalities, I think I like "Our Public" Broadcasting. Why? Because it gives you a many sided view of how listeners react to the stuff we are getting on the air.

And with the big majority, I agree that the powers that be in Radio Land are fulfilling their job in capable manner. With one small exception. That is—in permitting those blah-blah boys to prate about their wares overtime. Some of them are so bad it's a felony. Seven or eight minutes out of a fifteen minute program. I grant that this evil cannot be eradicated over night and that some of the more progressive advertisers have lent an ear to their irate public's voice of disapproval. They now not only hand out their booster-talks very sparingly but they use discretion in interspersing it where it will do the most good and least harm.

Perhaps in the near future we will be able to sit through an enjoyable evening at our radio without getting a headache from hearing repeatedly how good somebody's headache medicine is. How soon, gentlemen?

ED KRALEY,
Braddock, Pa.

$10.00 PRIZE

I have been buying RADIO MIRROR regularly each month ever since the first copy and I want to say that it is a splendid magazine. I have no criticism to make about the magazine itself but I have a lot to say against the way radio programs are run. Nowadays, one has a terrible time deciding which program to listen to because of the way one program interferes with the other.

To explain what I mean, here are some of the best programs throughout the week.

On Tuesday at 9:30 P. M. we have Ed Wynn on WEAF and Eddie Duchin's splendid orchestra on WJZ. At 10.00 P. M. Ray Perkins on WJZ and the Camel Caravan on WABC, the latter also opposite Paul Whiteman on Thursday night. On Wednesday, while Jack Pearl is on for a half hour we are forced to turn him off after the first fifteen minutes if we want to hear Easy Aces, and who doesn't. Incidentally, I don't think that there was good judgment used when Easy Aces were given that particular time. So many people wanted them shifted to an evening spot but I think that they were better off where they were. In the first place, they were on four days a week then, now it's only three nights. And such a time! Wednesday night they go on opposite Jack Pearl, Thursday night opposite Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour (of all hours), and Friday they oppose Walter O'keefe who in turn opposes Jessica Dragonette.

This is only a few examples but it's that way all week. I'm quite sure that others agree with me that it's tough pickings nowadays. Can't something be done about it?

RICHARD E. REITH,
Yonkers, New York.

$1.00 PRIZE

Since its first publication, RADIO MIRROR has been my favorite magazine in its field. Not only do its contents each month appeal to me, but I am gratified by the constant desire shown by the editor to furnish new features.

I consider radio the greatest invention of modern times. Also believe that enjoyment from this marvelous invention is hampered by the terribly lame advertising. The claims for most sponsored products are unconvincing and a bore. We are urged to buy in the manner of a fanatic warning us that Judgment Day will be here next Tuesday —SO ACT QUICK! A pill will be ballyhooed as though it were manna, ambrosia or a death-defying elixir. Delightful music by a large orchestra will be interrupted by an advertising spiel fit only for delivery under a banjo torch.

RICHARD RAKE,
Danville, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

To see their pictures and learn more about my favorite stars is to enjoy their programs better. That is what I want most in RADIO MIRROR, and the large number shown is certain to include some of my favorites. Please continue to show as wide a range as possible.

The programs today as a whole, are wonderful. One or two large sponsors almost ruin an otherwise delightful program by making such unreasonable statements that to expect us to believe them is almost insulting.

Few people object to reasonable facts about a product, in fact, I like to hear a well presented, sane, advertisement for I realize the sponsors must have some of our time to compensate for the enormous expense they have gone to for our entertainment. Certainly in no other way

can we get so much for so little delivered right in our own homes.

GEORGE S. COX,
Catawba Sanatorium, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE

Please, may I air a few pet peeves, first of all? I am a great radio fan and, like everyone else, have my likes and dislikes as to radio entertainment. It certainly seems to me that we could struggle along somehow without all the current crop of girl singers—why, it's practically impossible to twist the dial without bumping into one of those gals murdering the popular songs of the day. And those certain, so-called comedians whose jokes are so old and antiquated that one wonders how on earth they have the nerve to use them on the air.

Now, that that's over, I'd like to toss a huge bouquet of posies in the direction of the best program on the airwaves—the Pepsodent Junis program. There's no girl singer or comedian to clutter up the atmosphere—nothing to mar the perfection of that swell musical organization of Eddie Duchin's. I never have any fault to find with programs like this one—and that goes for RADIO MIRROR, too. But why, pray, neglect the Southland in your departments? You seem to bring in every other section of the U. S. A. Anyhow thanks for listening—or did you?

SANDRE SMITH,
Ramseur, North Carolina.

$1.00 PRIZE

I wish to congratulate RADIO MIRROR on "Roosevelt Believes Radio Fostered The Nation's Faith"—May issue. It is splendid. If radio had accomplished nothing greater than to carry the President's inspiring voice to a nation of down-hearted people at a time like the present, it would have served an excellent purpose.

I would like to say a word for announcers. I don't agree with the writer to RADIO MIRROR who criticizes announcers for taking up time. The sponsor is responsible for advertising read. And anyway, why shouldn't announcers have personalities? They are as interesting to me as many of the artists.

Kind Fate didn't drop them into the positions they occupy. They climbed up to them by serving their apprenticeship in study and work. The fact that some of them have won medals for correct diction proves a good deal.

A sewing bee with the Lane Sisters, Gertrude Neisen, Vera Van and Gypsy Nina as the pretty needle women

It's something the artists themselves probably couldn't do.

MRS. W. C. LAXSON,
Atlanta, Ga.

$1.00 PRIZE

I think radio programs show the greatest improvement in the field of music. Only a few years ago it was hard to find much good music on the air. Now every liking can be satisfied by a turn of the dial. (*Continued on page 73*)

We Have With Us

(*Continued from page 45*)

Monday (Continued)

7:30 P. M. MUSIC ON THE AIR, with Jimmy Kemper. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

He's coming right along now.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WEAF and associated stations.

Mrs. Goldberg still minding her brood.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp). WABC and associated stations.

His version of what's going on in the world.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Even the movie stars eat yeast.

8:00 P. M. SOCONYLAND SKETCHES — story with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. WEAF and associated stations.

Two actors with but a single thought.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL—"The Human Side of the News" (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.

Headlines all read for you by an expert.

8:30 P. M. VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Garden Concert featuring Gladys Swarthout with vocal ensemble and William Daly's symphonic string orchestra. (Firestone Rubber Tire Company). WEAF and associated stations.

This was—and is—a good idea beautifully executed.

8:30 P. M. GENE ARNOLD and The Commodores—Also Wednesday and Friday. (Crazy Water Hotel Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Good for young and old.

8:30 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES. WABC and associated stations.

And they're worth hearing.

8:45 P. M. BABE RUTH—Also Wednesday and Friday. (Quaker Oats). WJZ and associated stations.

The idol of the great American sport talking on a subject he certainly knows.

9:00 P. M. A & P GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, Tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company). WEAF and associated stations.

A tinkling contribution for your Monday evening at home.

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

Why do anything else when you can hear this famous songbird?

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Interlocutor, it's your turn.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Erno Rapee and his orchestra. Dramatic Cast and Guest Artists. (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

"When nature forgets."

9:30 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Francis Langford, blues singer; Joe Cook, comedian; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; Orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, master-of-ceremonies. WEAF and associated stations.

That crazy Joe Cook has hit his stride.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM — Gene Arnold, narrator; The Lullaby Lady; guest artist; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Company). WEAF and associated stations.

You can't ask for anything more than summer contentment.

10:30 P. M. LILLIAN ROTH, EDWARD NELL, JR., with Ohman and Arden and their Orchestra. (Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo). WABC and associated stations.

Two good singers doing their stuff.

10:30 P. M. SINGIN' SAM — (Atlas Brewing Company). Columbia middle West stations.

Our old friend, the happy bridegroom and his voice sounds like it.

11:00 P. M. HAROLD STERN and his Hotel Montclair Orchestra. WEAF and network.

What they're dancing to in New York.

Tuesday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES, Songs. WABC and associated stations.

A pretty girl with a sweet voice.

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday (Bauer & Black). WJZ and associated stations.

He's no stranger now.

7:30 P. M. THE TASTYEAST PROGRAM —Brad Browne and Al Llewellyn, comedians. WEAF and associated stations.

Fun and puns.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS. Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's Orchestra. (Gold Dust Corporation). WABC and associated stations.

How's your own balcony?

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.

A swell leader who knows his modern tunes.

8:30 P. M. "ACCORDIANA" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano and Oliver Smith, tenor, (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

Hot and airy—isn't that enough?

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his Orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. King again, still wearing his waltz crown.

9:00 P. M. FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI; Maury H. B. Paul, society commentator and Freddy Martin's Orchestra. (Elizabeth Arden—cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

And who doesn't want to be beautiful?

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE's Blue Ribbon Orchestra. (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

The maestro who should find no trouble selling his wares these days.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's Orchestra. (Household Finance Corp). WJZ and associated stations.

A homespun poet in musical company.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HIMBER and Studebaker Champions. (Studebaker Motor Car). WABC and associated stations.

Getting better and better every week.

9:30 P. M. PALMER HOUSE PROMENADE—Gale Page, contralto; Betty Brown, comedienne; Ray Perkins, master-of-ceremonies; orchestra direction Harold Stokes. WEAF and associated stations.

Smoothly paced and plenty entertaining.

10:00 P. M. "CONFLICT," by T. S. Stribling—Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

A real writer lends his talents to "raddio."

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezz-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, Florence Malone; Joseph Granby, John Barclay, Rosaline Greene, Adele Ronson, Alan Devitt, Alfred Shirley and the Russian Choir of voices. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.

A whole flock of first class artists. And don't miss it.

11:00 P. M. EMIL COLEMAN'S HOTEL PLAZA ORCHESTRA. WEAF and network.

Swinging with the palms.

Wednesday

7:30 P. M. IRENE RICH for Welch—dramatic sketch. (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

She brings Hollywood to your home.

8:00 P.M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM —Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAF and associated stations.

We still like the Baron though, of course, we don't believe him.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES"—Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master-of-Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; and Guest Stars. (Bi-So-dol). WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Marshall has such a gorgeous voice.

9:00 P. M. THE HOUR OF SMILES—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb, the Ipana Troubadours; The Marshall Bartholmew Singers, and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

You'll laugh—you always do.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS—Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy, Jack Arthur, The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. (A. C. Spark Plug Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Crazy and they know it.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI, with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and Chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

Our own Radio Romeo.

9:30 P. M. THE LOVE STORY PROGRAM—dramatic sketch. (Non-spi). WJZ and associated stations.

If you don't find a girl in the summertime—

10:00 P. M. CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA — barnyard music; male quartet. (Larus & Bros. Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

You can hear the cackling through this one.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—guest artist; Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Three Scamps, vocal trio; Charles Lyons; Frances Langford, contralto. (Plough, Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.

When Lopez plays it's a trip worth taking.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO PRESENTS Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orchestra and John B. Kennedy, narrator. (Continental Oil Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

A perennial favorite singing his songs.

11:15 P. M. ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S ORCHESTRA from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel New York. WEAF and network.

It's not the heat—it's the Spanish.

Thursday

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest stars. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.

Still No. 1 man as a radio show maestro.

9:00 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARNOW and Evelyn MacGregor, Claude Reis and Evan Evans. WABC and associated stations.

Easy to take.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S Maxwell House Show Boat—Charles Winninger; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' Janu-

5 TO 15 POUNDS GAINED *Fast*

New easy way adds solid flesh in a few weeks. Thousands gain with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny", scrawny and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

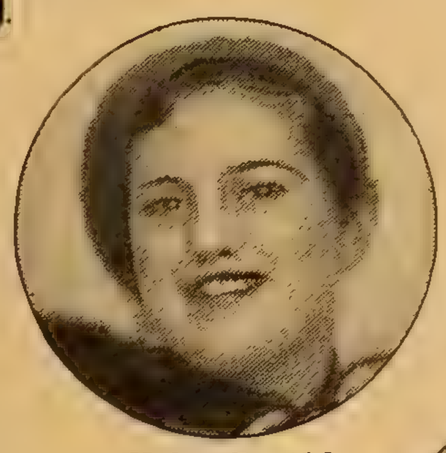
Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.



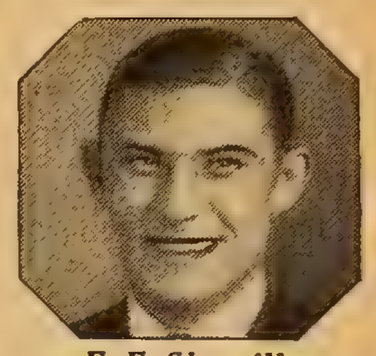
20 pounds

"I was skinny and unhealthy but Ironized Yeast gave me 20 lbs. in 2 months." *Helen Roethle, N. Richmond, Wis.*

Helen Roethle

11 lbs. quick

"I was thin, my nerves on edge before taking Ironized Yeast. Gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and feel wonderful." *Frederic E. Sherrill, Gastonia, N. C.*



F. E. Sherrill

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

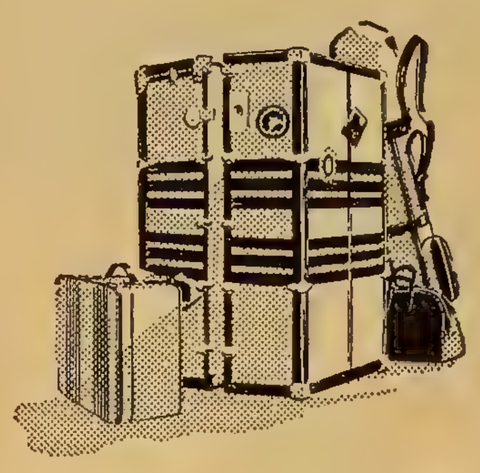
Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 228, Atlanta, Ga.

VACATIONISTS!

Don't forget to pack in the most important thing of all!



THE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation, like some laxatives. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

ary; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

Your favorite air trip.

10:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Things do happen in this one.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, master-of-ceremonies. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp). WEAF and associated stations.

The jazz king holding his own.

11:20 P. M. GLEN GRAY and the Casa Loma Orchestra from Glen Island Casino. WABC and associated stations.

All the young ones are daffy about Glen's music.

Friday

3:00 P. M. MARIA'S CERTO MATINEE—Lanny Ross, tenor; Mary Lou; Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Gus Haenschen's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Lanny makes such a nice matinee idol and he has such entertaining companions.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Countess Albani, soprano, and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Folks who've known their air stuff for years.

8:00 P. M. NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe; Bobby Dolan and his orchestra. (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

We certainly enjoy Mr. O'Keefe.

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS. (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

You're the jury in these real stories of a courtroom.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Lyman in a slower pace.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp). WJZ and associated stations.

Everybody does!

9:30 P.M. ONE NIGHT STANDS—Pick and Pat, Blackface comedians; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co. WEAF and associated stations.

Those good old barnstorming days.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Ted Weems' orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

One of radio's best comedians, ably supported.

10:00 P. M. STORIES THAT SHOULD BE TOLD — Fulton Oursler. (Liberty Magazine). WJZ and associated stations.

And he tells them thrillingly.

10:00 P. M. THE PROGRAM OF THE WEEK. (Schlitz Beer). WABC and associated stations.

Foamy and cool.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp). WEAF and associated stations.

The curtain goes up and here we are all ready.

10:30 P. M. MAXINE AND PHIL SPITALNY ENSEMBLE. Cheramy, Inc. WABC and associated stations.

A new singer who's simply swell.

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Jimmy Grier's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

We like Benny and we think you do, too.

11:30 P. M. VINCENT LOPEZ and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra from New York. WEAF and network.

Mr. Lopez without benefit of sponsor.

Saturday

7:30 P. M. THE PURE OIL PROGRAM—Eddie Peabody, wizard of the banjo; the De Marco Sisters trio; Richard Himber's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

How that boy can manipulate those strings.

7:30 P. M. DON BESTOR and His Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

It's another good orchestra.

8:00 P. M. MORTON DOWNEY'S STUDIO PARTY—Freddy Rich's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

The "Mother Machree" boy learns some new songs.

8:30 P. M. JOHNS-MANVILLE PROGRAM—Floyd Gibbons. WEAF and associated stations.

He talks faster than the ear can hear.

9:00 P. M. GRETA STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

A beautiful singer with a worthy accompaniment.

9:30 P. M. BEATRICE FAIRFAX—dramatization. (General Foods Corp). WEAF and associated stations.

How're your own love problems?

10:00 P. M. ONE MAN'S FAMILY—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and associated stations.

It might be your own.

10:30 P. M. ELDER MICHAUX and congregation. WABC and associated stations.

Pray, brother, pray; sing, sister, sing.

11:35 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra from New York. WJZ and network.

Paul again and you're just in the mood to dance.

Dialing the Short Waves

(*Continued from page 43*)

A big, horse-shoe shaped desk is the first thing you see upon entering. On its top is a large map, showing every street in the city—every precinct—every detective division. It is under a sheet of glass, upon which rest the brass discs that represent the radio patrol cars.

In the back of the room, and to your right, is the transmitting equipment—two tall black racks, on one of which a mercury vapor rectifying tube glows with an eerie blue light.

While you still gaze around, the door through which we entered bursts open. In dashes one of the switchboard men, his headset still clamped to his ears, the cord trailing behind him. He thrusts a piece of paper into the hand of the man at the desk. "Man shot. 145th and Lenox Avenue," he says, and goes out.

Instantly the man at the desk turns over three of the discs, to show that the cars they represent are out on a call. He gives their numbers to another officer, who is already pressing the button that puts the weird wailing attention call on the air over WPEF, the station which covers that part of the city.

ON the transmitter rack a relay falls in with a sound like a pistol shot. The wailing ceases. The despatcher speaks, clearly, calmly, very distinctly.

"Two five precinct. Address One four five street and Lenox Avenue. Cars One-two-seven, four-five-nine and three-seven-oh. Signal Thirty." He repeats this message, then signs off, "Time nine-thirty P. M. Authority T. B. Six-oh."

"Thirty" means a crime has been committed. "T. B." means Telegraph Bureau. "Six-oh" is the despatcher's identification number.

Now what happens?

Every radio cop in town listens and writes down the message after hearing the attention call. All cars within five blocks of the address, in addition to the cars whose numbers are broadcast, converge on the address—like a noose tightening around the neck of a murderer.

Perhaps two men are seen running away. One of the patrol cars sees them and shouts to them to halt—chases them and catches them. One has a gun, recently fired. Both are confused—can't account for their business in the neighborhood, their flight, their possession of the pistol.

The radio cops put one on one running board, the other on the other side of the car. They handcuff the men together—now neither can jump off. They drive to the scene of the crime.

Other police cars have already arrived. Some got there in less than a half-minute after the call went out. A detective cruiser, containing five plain-clothes men with riot guns, tear gas bombs, tommy guns and axes has arrived. These men are searching for evidence, questioning witnesses.

Somebody identifies the two suspects. The detective standing by the body of

Cap'n Henry pilots Mary Lou to finer radio reception

Charles Winninger as Cap'n Henry

—AND CHARTS A COURSE FOR EVERY RADIO LISTENER

FOR THE REAL JOY OF RADIO PUT IN NEW RCA MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES

FOR true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. In RCA Radio Tubes you will find such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your RCA Radio Tube agent test your tubes today. Replace worn tubes only with radio tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 big improvements: **1** Quicker Start. **2** Quieter Operation. **3** Uniform Volume. **4** Uniform Performance. **5** Every Tube is Matched.

RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE

"TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...at our expense

"I reduced my hips 9 INCHES" ... writes Miss Healy.

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder."

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage-like action did it...the fat seemed to have melted away."

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Detachable Brassiere

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 288. 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

the victim says, "Well, boys, if you did it, we'll find out when we match the bullet to your pistol. You may as well talk."

"Yeah—I done," says one of the manacled men. "I hear he was out to get me, so I let him have it. It was self-defence."

A guard is posted to prevent the destruction of evidence, and the confessed slayers are hustled off to the stationhouse, where they will be warned of their rights and will then be permitted to make a formal statement. The radio cops have come through again.

That's the drama taking place when you hear them.

Now let's leave the police and visit an amateur. Not a "typical" amateur, for all are different. One whom I know is a movie cameraman who, when home, lives in a little country town.

One end of his cellar is his "radio shack." (No matter what the transmitter room looks like—whether it's on the Bowery or Park Avenue, in the parlance of the "ham" it's a "shack".) There's a long, crudely made wooden work bench, with apparatus scattered all over it in a maze of wires.

"Wait 'till you see the rack I'm going to put up when I get it finished," says Bill. He's been getting it finished for four years; a radio amateur is never through experimenting, trying to improve his transmission, to get better tone and more distance.

But despite the appearance of Bill's shack, it has been the scene of some grand parties. Anonymously, dozens of movie actors and actresses have gone on the air from it. Their names, due to their contractual obligations, cannot be mentioned. But real Hollywood parties have been given in Bill's cellar.

Now look at the other side of it. We'll go to a penthouse on swanky Central Park West, where Steve has *his* shack. He has taken the guest room and remodeled it for radio. The walls are lined with Celotex, and monk's cloth hangings mask the door. The only furniture in the room is a handsome carved walnut desk, which has been remodeled to have the necessary control and monitoring equipment sunk in its hand-rubbed surface, a couple of period chairs and an electric phonograph.

A rack, towering nearly to the ceiling, occupies one corner of the room, and contains amplifiers, oscillators, modulators, rectifiers and similar mysterious contraptions. His two dogs—prize-winning wirehaired terriers—are barred from the shack; not that they might hurt the apparatus, but if they ever came too close to the back of the rack Steve could stop buying dog biscuits.

Steve and Bill have never met, though they talk to each other on the air several times a week. But the difference between their shacks will give you some idea of the wide variety to be found among America's 30,000 licensed amateurs. Who knows—your next door neighbor may be one.

If you are really interested in meeting a "ham" you can get a list of their names and addresses from almost any newsdealer. It costs a dollar.

And now for a quick glance at Europe. Let's pay flying visits to some of the towns which house the stations you're most likely to get—not the big cities you read about in your geography when you went to school but the less known ones.

Daventry, where GSA (and GSB, -C, -D, -E and -F) are located, is a quiet little English country town of less than 4,000 inhabitants. It is on the site of Devnana, an old Roman camp, a few relics of which may still be found by the farmers digging in their fields. The little town was of no importance until some 200 years ago, when it was one of the world centers in the manufacture of buggy-whips. As coaching died, Daventry faded from the commercial scene. Today, besides being the home of the "G" group of 20,000 watt stations, it manufactures some boots and shoes, though not on a large scale.

Pontoise, eighteen miles northwest of Paris (as Daventry is seventy-four miles out of London) is another Roman relic. In the days of the Caesars it was called Briva Isarae, meaning "Bridge of the Oise," as does its present name. It is situated at the junction of the Oise and Viorne rivers, the former bearing much commercial traffic, the latter, turning innumerable mills. Pontoise contains several notable old buildings, among them the Church of St. Maclou, which dates back to the 12th Century. It also contains, by way of contrast, Station FYA. French kings—the Capets, the Veliocasses and, more notably, Louis XIV, who fled there during the riots of 1648-54—have made their homes in this little French town.

Mills naturally make one think of the windmills of Holland, where Hilversum and Huizen are located. The former is a pretty big place, with a population of more than 57,000. It is a summer resort for the wealthy merchants of Amsterdam, eighteen miles away by rail, being known as one of the most fashionable and respectable suburbs in Holland, and as the place where horse-blankets are still made. Huizen, on the other hand, is utterly unfashionable, being a little fishing village, whose inhabitants are poor and hard-working. Both towns are typically Dutch; wooden shoes, red roofs, dog-drawn carts and the like abound. If you've ever heard PHI, you know these towns!

Next month we'll visit some more out-of-the-way places, such as Rabat, Caracas and Johannesburg, and we'll tell you about many celebrities who are short-wave enthusiasts.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE, Golden-voiced songbird of the air waves takes honor place on the SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR cover and in an entertaining article tells facts about herself you never knew till now.

A Woman Made Martini

(*Continued from page* 11)

Then came a bath, and a simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, milk, buns and butter: the same breakfast he eats now. Though Nino has his own apartment across from his foster-mother's today, he still eats all his meals with the Zenatellos.

Then came five hours of hard work, broken up by lunch. A real, honest-to-goodness Italian meal, with plenty of spaghetti and Spanish wine, prepared as only Madame Zenatello can.

For an hour he practiced scales; then came an hour of repertoire; then the study of general music culture. Later, there was instruction in dramatics which Madame Zenatello gave him; counterpoint, composition—all under this excellent guide. He had to learn English, Spanish, French.

The rest of the day, till eight o'clock, which was his usual bedtime, was spent in amusement. Maria Zenatello didn't believe in leading a narrow, humdrum life. To be a good artist, one must have a full life. There were excursions to the theatre, to parades, to concerts. The Zenatello car would set forth gaily almost every afternoon, with a crowd of happy young folk. Nino was taken on motor tours throughout Europe. To visit the museums, to hear the finest singers.

FOR four long years he was trained like an athlete. A minimum of sweets and rich foods. Plenty of fresh air and exercise. And at least eight hours of rest each night.

Even today, the habits instilled in him during his apprenticeship persist. He rarely stays out after midnight. And every night, before she retires, Mrs. Zenatello phones him to make sure he is ready for bed, in his apartment.

"When he goes to bed late he no feels so good the next day," she explained. "It tells in his voice, too. It is the most delicate of instruments and without proper care of his body, his voice suffers. I can always tell how he feels by his voice."

When Nino first began to sing over the air Maria Zenatello was quoted as saying that she didn't want him to marry. She felt marriage was for someone who had arrived and needed a steadying influence. Nino was still on the way up. He still is.

Today her view is entirely different. She wishes Nino would marry, and quickly. An artist, she believes, needs a normal life. Plenty of rest and encouragement at home. Quiet, impossible to achieve with so many gorgeous American girls flocking around Nino.

But that is one question upon which Nino Martini accepts no counsel. He has vowed that before he marries he will have achieved his childhood ambition: to give his real mother and sisters an independent income, to make sure they are provided for the rest of their lives. But he's a family man, all right. He is as proud of his older sister's babies as if they were his own.

There was one girl whom Nino wor-

OLD AS ANCIENT EGYPT

New as Modern Paris..

-Alluring Eye Make-up

SINCE the time of Cleopatra, clever women have known that gracefully formed eyebrows, delicately shaded lids, and the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes add much to beauty.

Cleopatra, for all her wealth, had only crude materials with which to attempt this effect. How she would have revelled in being able to obtain smooth, harmless, and easy-to-apply preparations like Maybelline eye beauty aids!

To have formed beautiful, expressive eyebrows with the delightful, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil — to have applied the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow for just the right touch of colorful shadow — and, to have had the appearance of long, dark lashes instantly with Maybelline mascara — truly she would have acclaimed these beauty aids fit for a queen!

Nothing from modern Paris can rival Maybelline preparations. Their use by millions of women for over sixteen years commends them to YOU! Then . . there is the highly beneficial Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream for preserving soft, silky lashes . . . and a dainty Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and massaging the brows and lashes. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes, 10c each at all 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

The Approved Mascara

Black, Brown, and the New Blue

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

shipped, back in his adolescent days in Verona. She is the only girl he has really loved, so far. A young Italian miss of eighteen. He has told Maria Zenatello that being with this girl gave him fever—alternate chills and heat. He realized that as he studied and traveled he would have to give her up. She realized it too. It was Maria Zenatello who comforted him ten years ago, who tried to fill his life with so many new things that he would not think of this lost sweetheart.

Speak quite casually to Maria Zenatello and you will find she is particularly proud of one of Nino's traits: his independence. She never interferes with his personal affairs, and is glad that he thinks for himself.

I THINK I know why she admires this characteristic so much. It is the same quality which carried her through life, made her forge ahead. Quite a fascinating lady, this ex-opera star. We don't remember her, but ask your mother and father. Her lovely contralto voice thrilled them back in the early 1900's. I bet they'll recall when she sang *Carmen* opposite Enrico Caruso in 1908 at the Metropolitan Opera.

Born of wealthy, cultured Spaniards in Barcelona, she became passionately devoted to sculpture as a profession. This in the days when girls of good families were considered decorations and nothing else.

She studied seriously. Till her family lost all its money. Then she realized a whole lifetime might go by before she had the wherewithal to continue her studies. She had to make money quickly.

Maria had a lovely voice—rich, smooth, but untrained. She didn't hesitate. Straight to the foremost pianist of the time, Raoul Pugno, she went. He was going on a concert tour of 100 large cities throughout Europe. She told him the truth. She had no training, but felt sure she could sing Spanish folk songs very well. If he liked her singing, would he take her along on his tour, as soloist?

He was flabbergasted at the nerve of this vivid, dark-eyed, dark-haired young lass. Before he could reply, she had begun to sing. Her voice was all she said it was. She went along on the tour, much to everyone's surprise.

After a year's professional singing, she lost her voice completely. Through lack of singing technique, voice experts said. She retired with a heavy heart. But she wasn't licked, oh no. She searched till she found a doctor who brought back her voice. Then she began studying in earnest. Within a year, she was ready for opera. She has been on the stage, singing, for thirty years.

It was while she was singing the role of *Carmen* at La Scala that she met her husband, Giovanni, who was singing the lead tenor role, that of *Don Jose*. Their love duets thrilled all Europe, for they weren't just acting. They were real, for the young folk had fallen in love. They got married, and after that never made separate contracts. They've been married for thirty years, and are just as much in love today as the first day.

But to get back to Nino. After four long years of training, Maria Zenatello felt he was ready to sing in public. She sent him to the manager of the famous International Public Festival at Ostend, Belgium. The manager was to pay all his expenses and introduce him at a gala concert. Nino was to receive no compensation.

A Zenatello prodigy commanded attention. Nino was given his chance. He sang a Tosti aria and the famous *La Donna e Mobile* from *Rigoletto*.

No encores were permitted at Ostend. The number scheduled to follow Nino's songs was a dance of the Ballet Russe. For fifteen minutes the dancers waited on the stage, while the audience thundered applause for Martini. Finally, Nino Martini had to give an encore before the program could go on.

In the audience was Jesse Lasky, famous motion picture executive. He immediately offered young Martini a long-term contract to sing in the movies. The young man was so eager that Maria did not have the heart to tell him he was not fully prepared. To Hollywood he went.

He starred in five shorts, filmed in the form of concert recitals. Perhaps you remember *Paramount on Parade*, in which he was co-featured with Chevalier?

Nino, alone in Hollywood, couldn't find a suitable teacher. He missed the Zenatellos. Besides, the actresses were too distracting for a young man to study much. All this he reported faithfully to his foster-mother. She asked Lasky to release him from his contract. To allow him to come back home to her, to train for opera, in earnest. The request was granted.

Three years ago the Zenatellos came with Nino to New York. Maria Zenatello realized that radio was an excellent field for Nino. She went to the Columbia Broadcasting Company and convinced William S. Paley, its president, and Julius Seebach, its program director, that she had a find. After they heard Martini sing they agreed with her. All three worked hand in hand to make his debut as a Columbia star a success. He went on the air with Howard Barlow, and achieved instant popularity. He has been on the air ever since. Now he is soloist for Chesterfield on Wednesday nights.

Maria still accompanies him to the studio when he sings on the air. She coaches him in radio technique.

It was her influence with Gatti Cazazza that got him an audition with the Metropolitan Opera. He made his debut as a Metropolitan lyric tenor in January, 1934, as Rhadames in *Aida*. The first radio singer to be picked off the air and hoisted to stardom in opera!

MARIA knows that his operatic debut wasn't terribly successful. The critics said his voice was too small. But she is optimistic. "They said that of Caruso's voice, when he began to sing," she said. "Give my Nino a little longer. His is a very delicate, bell-like voice. My husband, he was afraid he'd break it if he forced it. Little by little he develops the voice to maturity that will give Nino power. His voice will be big enough for anybody."

To her and to Nino, the critic's panning has been a stimulant, a cocktail. It has aroused Nino's fighting blood. "A very good thing," she declares, "because it is not good for things to go along too smoothly for an artist."

Nino is not discouraged. He believes in himself. I think that too, is part of Maria's training. He has a hunch he will come out on top. There is plenty of reason to believe his hunch is correct.

On the Pacific Air Waves

(*Continued from page* 41)

work as a baritone soloist. As hobbies he continues to paint and go swimming.

A husky six-footer with bluish-gray eyes and flaxen hair, he is in his early thirties and unmarried. Right now he is living in San Francisco where he is on the NBC network weekly from KGO. In fact he has been in the Bay district for several years on the air, though he spent a year of that time down in Los Angeles on some of the stations there.

* * *

How do you picture the man who reads daily agricultural bulletins over the air? Maybe you think he is bald-headed, wears a skull cap and false teeth.

But none of those fit Wallace Kadderly who directs the western Farm and Home hour (15 minutes) from San Francisco to coast NBC stations week days.

Kadderly is wiry and energetic. Married, he has a fairly large sized home garden for a hobby. And for recreation he does a good deal of mountain climbing, fishing and reads books by Mark Twain.

He was born in Portland, graduated from the State University at Eugene and served for brief periods of time as farm management specialist, assistant county and state agricultural agent and with the agricultural service of the Oregon State College at Corvallis.

Seven or eight years ago he began to make market prices, insect-battling and other similar topics interesting to an audience composed of city folks as well as country ones.

So well did he do the job that NBC took him on a year ago and brought him from the northwest radio to do a similar job for the network.

* * *

Nobody would expect to get a "break" in falling over a chair in a radio studio, unless, of course, it was a broken limb.

But that was the way Mel Blanc got his radio break. Mel used to announce spasmodically over KGW in Portland, Oregon. It was "just another program" and he used recorded discs for the talent.

But one day, when he went out for a smoke between records, he took a puff too many. He had to hustle back to make the station announcement. Before he could reach the good old mike he had (1) fallen over a chair; (2) knocked the poor defenseless microphone onto the floor; and (3) tripped over a cowbell left around by the prop department.

Thinking he was in for it anyway, young Mr. Blanc gave the cowbell another vigorous ring and nonchalantly gave a time signal.

And did the public go for it? They did. Fans thought it was a gag. So Mel has been doing his "Cobwebs and Nuts" program every morning since that time fifteen months ago. In the meantime, he has added chains, pans, horns, tubs and all kinds of knick-knacks for his "time signals."

The Blanc program lasts a full hour every day and it has a sponsor. Not one of those dignified, smug sponsors but a firm that can stand being kidded in its commercial announcements.

The program, though made up of recorded music, uses a semi-continuity style of treatment with Mel taking a bunch of character parts. For the feminine touch, he uses his wife to whom he was married a year ago when he reached his 25th milestone.

* * *

Seems as though Wedgwood Nowell is getting ready to sling some hefty adjectives pretty soon. Fact is, he'll probably be on the air on the Coast before fall.

IN case you don't know who he is, Wedgewood used to conduct a play-goers' club over KFI and other Los Angeles stations in which he did a rapid-fire talking act and worked out some gag by which radio-theatre fans got reduced rates at the neighborhood picture palaces.

His greatest claim to fame was a couple of years ago when he challenged Floyd Gibbons and made the claim that he could gush forth with a lot of more words per gasp than could the veteran reporter. But nobody paid any attention to the westerner, and he gradually wilted and faded out of broadcast circles until this summer when he launched plans to get back again.

But, even though you may not have heard the Angeleno . . . highbrow for habitues of Los Angeles . . . ten to one you've seen him. Where? Why, he was the fellow who took the part of the physician in Bryan Foy's nudie film, "Elysia." What did he think of it . . . how did he get along . . . did he really join the cult? There, ah there, my lads and lassies of radioland is another story.

* * *

Now that Aimee Semple McPherson seems to be giving her educated and talented tonsils a rest so far as radio is

World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting

Eagle Brand

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! ● *But remember . . . Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name *Eagle Brand.*

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

FREE! WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. M G 84, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
(Print name and address plainly)

Borden Quality

"THE BEAUTIFUL STOOGE"

was a redheaded waitress in a Manhattan speakeasy when she met a jobless vaudeville comedian who was out to crash radio in a big way! So she dropped her tray and tips and met "Mike" in the company of the broadcasting gagmaker.

This thrilling serial by Peter Dixon now running in RADIO MIRROR takes you behind the scenes in the big air studios and shows you how careers are made, how romantic triangles are formed and how love plays on the sidelines.

WHAT HAPPENS TO TOBY MALONE AND HIS REDHEADED BEAUTIFUL STOOGE? READ NEXT MONTH'S RADIO MIRROR FOR THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THESE YOUNG HOPEFULS ON THE BRINK OF FAME IN AN ETHER WORLD!

concerned, who . . . oh who . . . in the McPherson clan will carry on the torch? Who's that pushing her way up into the front ranks to volunteer? Why, none other than Roberta Semple Smythe, Aimee's favorite and only daughter, who divorced her ship purser husband last spring.

Roberta has taken mamma's place before the microphone of KFSG at Angelus Temple in Loce Angheles . . . pronounced that way as an old Spanish custom . . . and has taken charge of the programs. In fact, 'tis true, she will throw away all disguises and appear personally on the station's children's program as Aunt Birdie. If we were sure there are no tomato throwers or cabbage tossers in the audience, we'd say, "Isn't that just ducky?"

To stay on the McPherson subject for another paragraph or two, did you know that Dave Hutton is browsing around KMPC in swanky and cultured Beverly Hills, California, which is also the locale for a whole flock of gin parties and week-end carousals?

Yep. It's a fact. Dave started to form an oratorical group at the station for broadcasts and for the bunch to be broken into smaller units to do some personal singing appearances 'round and about the hinterland of sunny Southern California . . . southern being spelled with a capital "S" on request of the chamber of commerce.

D. Hutton has been doing the vocal coach stunt in various Los Angeles broadcast studios for a long while. The chubby, fat boy resents (a) being called the former Mr. Aimee Semple McPherson; (b) a passionate and fiery lover (according to court testimony); or (c) God's gift to radioland.

And, by the way, Kenneth G. Ormiston (KGO), onetime operator for KFSG and Aimee's church, is now safely ensconced behind the portals of KNX in Hollywood where he is chief technician. The station upped to 50,000 watts in the spring, with its studios in the heart of Hollywood, and the transmitter out in San Fernando valley a few miles from Sherman Oaks.

The Ole Man Ribbers

(*Continued from page 23*)

As Jack Benny, a current employer of multiple stooges, of which his charming wife, Mary Livingstone, has become one, points out, one of the earliest of stooges was a fellow named Aaron, who played straight in Egypt for his celebrated brother, Moses. There are, all the way down through the ages, similar instances of stooging, political, religious and otherwise, Mr. Benny persists in reminding us, and, as in the radio picture today, there are numerous instances where the stooge has ascended to greater heights than his principal, notably in the case of Brutus, and also in the instance of Cromwell. From all of this, we gather, without any mental effort, that stooging is old enough to be recognized and a more or less legitimate profession. At any rate, it is a fairly necessary one.

As far as the entry of stooging in the radio studios is concerned, the truth of the matter is that, if we do not count the phantom stooges employed by Phil Cook, the first introduction of the character was made by the Happiness Boys, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. Jones, by some mysterious means, became the head man, and Hare the stooge. Their popularity attests how quickly the public showed a favorable reaction to this technique. But it was not until Russ Columbo entered the radio racket nearly four years ago that the word "stooge" found its way into ordinary conversation. This was accomplished by the press, particularly, the columnists who wrote about radio. And the first stooges to bask in such publicity, were not performing stooges at all, but the common, ordinary variety of Broadway stooge, of which, at present, there are about 7900. At that date, a stooge was not a straight man, but a mysterious character who came out of nowhere, to linger in the presence of a celebrity, to attach himself to a celebrity's retinue, and to serve the headman without any pay except to be allowed to catch a bit of the reflected glory of the boss.

This character, basically, is the same as the famous Hollywood yes-man. He was practically unnoticed in New York, until Columbo suddenly emerged as the possessor of the most numerous collection of stooges in the East. The type of stooge that attached himself to Columbo presented a well-dressed young man without any particular characteristics. As a group, this type insinuated itself into the affairs of Columbo, seldom being spoken to or even recognized. They served silently, except on such occasions when Russ would complete a broadcast or rehearsal. Then, each of the dozen or more stooges, would, by some mysterious and tacit arrangement be allowed to utter a congratulatory word. What the word was, depended upon priority. A stooge that had been hanging around for six months, say, would be permitted to stand three paces from the head man, and comment: "Colossal!" The next man, in point of service, would have to content himself with a mere, "Magnificent." The third stooge would say, "Splendid," the fourth, "Great," the fifth, "Very Good," and so on, until the eighth was reached. At this point, words would have been exhausted, and No. 8 stooge would have to be satisfied with a gesture.

These hangers-on so interested me at one stage, that I went to visit with Columbo and ask about them.

He couldn't tell me their names, even —though there must have been fourteen of them around the house.

"THEY come from nowhere," said Russ. "They probably appear first when my manager and I go into a restaurant. You see a strange face, and then, next time you eat, you see it again. After a few days the face becomes familiar. Next thing you know the fellow is opening the car door, and then the house door. Intuitively, these fellows know, if I smile pleasantly at them, they have been accepted. I find them eating beside me, and after a while, sleeping in the apartment, in one of the outside rooms. The check for meals is usually paid by the manager. After a while, of course, I get to know their faces. They bring in the papers —they anticipate every move. Then, when one or two of them have been housebroken, they are allowed to sleep at the foot of the bed. I call them by any name that comes into my mind."

Columbo at one time actually had a stable of 14 stooges, which made him rather famous along Broadway. Belatedly, Bing Crosby had entered the radio field, and as a rival of Columbo, he too, his management reasoned, warranted a collection of stooges. No field work was necessary. They just materialized. In time, Crosby had matched Columbo—and surpassed him. The eventual chief stooge of Crosby went a step further than "Colossal," and inaugurated the compliment, "Gargantuan," while his second man was permitted "Cyclopean."

THIS type of handy-man stooge eventually developed into the performing type. Comics, who began their vogue following the Columbo-Crosby battle, found that straight men were being called stooges, and at this point, it became necessary to inquire into the origin of the word. Nobody seems able to pin it down. There is a theory that "stooge" was derived from the underworld appellation "stool," which itself is a contraction of "stool-pigeon," an informer, or a servile tool of the police. There are other people who think it is a hand-me-down from the word. "stew" meaning a drunk of the type that used to hang around barrooms and speakeasies.

That was as far as we inquisitive souls could get.

At about this time, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd went on the air, and Budd became known as the Stoopnagle stooge, and thereupon, all straight men, or secondary personages, foils, etc., were referred to in the radio world as stooges. When the Magic Carpet series was going strong, Walter O'Keefe, acting as a witty commentator, began utilizing Howard Claney, the announcer, as a stooge. From then on the vogue was under way. Comedians were quick to realize that stooges were vital, and they set about choosing them with care.

The problem did not bother George Burns and Gracie Allen. But when they become radio performers, a strange thing happened. Always, in the show world, Gracie Allen had been stooging for George Burns. On the air, where

grimaces and gestures are not visible, the set-up was reversed. Gracie became the principal and George the stooge. The same thing happened to Block and Sully. Next, Eddie Cantor bobbed up, and he proceeded carefully. James Wallington, who eventually became the Cantor stooge, worked into the job by graduation. For weeks, it had been Cantor's intention to develop Rubinoff as the stooge, but Rubinoff was sensitive about his dialect, and leery of the microphone, from a vocal standpoint. So Wallington fell into the job, with Rubinoff remaining silent. On occasions where it became necessary to have Rubinoff speak, a second stooge was brought in to take care of the dialect. Cantor, before he left the air, was working with half a dozen stooges, including Rosaline Greene.

Jack Pearl brought his stage stooge with him to radio, as did Phil Baker, whose Beetle, the haunter, used to work from the theatre galleries. Baker found stooges so helpful that he added Harry McNaughton, with an English dialect. McNaughton is, as everyone knows, the "Bottle" of the act. The identity of "Beetle" hitherto has been kept secret. But as a matter of fact, this unsung performer is an old partner of Baker, known on Broadway as Henry Laird.

THEN Jack Benny came along, and not only used his wife, Mary, as stooge, but began to include the orchestra leaders. The first of these was Ted Weems, then it was Frank Black. Now it is Don Bestor. Ed Wynn was first to note the stooging possibilities in Graham McNamee, who since has stooged for numerous comedians. Groucho Marx used his brother Chico, and Fred Allen now uses regularly his wife, Portland Hoffa, and occasionally Roy Atwell, together with miscellaneous stooges. Joe Penner uses various stooges. Goodman Ace, of Easy Aces has a perfect stooge in Jane.

The principle of the stooge is being applied even to the drama. Spencer Dean, the man-hunter has a detective stooge in Cassidy. Like Phil Cook, Gene and Glenn use imaginary stooges —Lena and Jake, who are really vocal tricks of Gene.

Joe Cook is the single exception. For many years he used a stagefull of stooges, but on the air, he prefers to tell goofy yarns, and bringing in a stooge is a rarity. Olsen and Johnson are practically stoogeless, but each serves as stooge for the other.

Seriously, the stooge is really vital to radio. Without one, a performer becomes virtually a monologist. And this type of entertainment never has progressed on the air. There must be a target for the banter of a comedian. A monologist works too rapidly for the listener. That is the view of Joe Penner, and Ed Wynn, and every other comedian I have talked to.

In recent years, the art of stooging has been carried into the commercial announcements. It was Jack Benny who inaugurated the idea of kidding the product of a sponsor. It became

"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. *"Airedales"* have ruined many a movie close-up—because superfluous hair shows as plainly in the pictures as it does upon the beach. *That's why all Hollywood uses* X-BAZIN to remove hair. X-BAZIN (cream or powder) is essential for legs, arms and under-arms that expect to be seen!

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, more and more efficient, more and more agreeable. This really reliable depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. Powder or cream, at drug and department stores —only 50c. Good size tubes of X-Bazin Cream, 10c in 5-and-10 cent stores.
HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N.Y.

WHY WEAR GLASSES?

Thousands Can Throw Them Away

Upon startling revolutionary facts has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training, which quickly enables you to train the muscles of the eye so you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.

Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value. The most remarkable results were obtained in a series of tests made in the N. Y. City Public Schools from 1903 to 1911.

No claim is made that this course is a cure-all. In many cases glasses are essential. But if you are wearing glasses because of faulty refractions—far- or near-sightedness—astigmatism—cross eyes—squint eyes —weak, watering eyes—eye headaches or strain, you at least owe it to yourself to give these methods a fair test. You can test these principles of eye education out in your own home without a cent of cost. Just mail your order and the entire course comes to you at once.

We want every reader of this magazine afflicted with eye-trouble, to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercise that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, which includes a full one year's subscription for Physical Culture Magazine. Less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. Send for "Strengthening the Eyes" today.

Macfadden Book Co., Inc.
Desk R.M.-8, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

necessary for him to razz the announcer to accomplish this. It was a new technique in advertising, and it succeeded beautifully in the case of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. It still succeeds on the General Tire program. But it didn't click so well on the Chevrolet program—at least, it did not please one of the sponsors, who developed a dislike to the Benny system, and said so. Benny left the show.

Ed Wynn has been successful in kidding Texaco unmercifully. This was done very cagily at first. But the audience liked it so well, Texaco encouraged Wynn in his razzing of McNamee, when the latter tries to say something about gas and oil. During the past few months, Wynn has interrupted the commercial announcements so vociferously that McNamee is practically incoherent when he tries to do a sales talk. A careful listener, however, will realize that this is all part of the act, and that the actual commercial announcements are read by Louis Witten.

Without a stooge, this form of advertising—and a very clever form it is—would be impossible.

Hence, McNamee believes, the stooges deserve some credit. He would admit to the stooge association not only those who work in front of the mike, but those who serve by writing jokes and developing comic situations. "The stooge of today," Mac will tell you, "is not only important. He has been elevated to the status of an artist."

A No. 1 stooge, Mac ought to know.

The Beautiful Stooge

(*Continued from page* 16)

been expecting you."

Margy, Toby and the professor almost ran to the studio door. Toby tugged frantically at the heavy door and finally got it open.

Studio C was a typical radio studio but it was a refrigerator for the emotions. A few potted palms might have made it into a high class mortuary chapel. Instead, long monks-cloth draperies suspended from a ceiling two stories high gave the impression of a modernistic temple of a modern god such as Advertising. Which was exactly what it was. Neat but not gaudy.

At one end of the studio was what looked like an aquarium set into the wall. But instead of guppies, two human faces peered through the thick glass panes. This, Toby was able to explain, was the control room. Had there been time to explain further, Toby might have told the Professor and Margy that in the control sat the studio engineer and it was the delicate touch of the engineer on certain dials and gadgets that insured the success of the performer. Toby knew a little about radios.

One of the faces that had been peering out of the glass disappeared and a moment later a tall, dark young man entered the studio by a door at the opposite end from where Toby, the Professor and Margy had entered.

"Toby Malone?" queried the tall, dark, young man.

"That's me" said Toby. "This is Professor Blake, my material writer and . . . uh . . . Miss Margy . . . uh . . . Wayne . . . who works with me in the act."

"Good," said the man. "I'm David Mason. I'm just an announcer but I'll have to be production man on this audition if you don't mind."

Toby wondered just what a production man had to do. Margy didn't know either and decided to find out.

"I know all about announcers," she said, "but just what is a production man?

David grinned.

"He's the lad who holds the stop watch," he said. "He's supposed to tell you when your program is thirty-two seconds too long. He's also supposed to direct the program, supervise sound effects and make himself generally useful. Does anybody need an aspirin? Good production men carry large bottles of aspirin."

Toby would have liked at least four —but said nothing.

"We pipe the audition in five minutes," David continued.

"Pipe?" said the Professor.

"Sure," said David. "Meaning we pick up the show in here and send it over wires to the radio speaker in the board room where the program board is listening."

"Then we won't have anybody here listening to us?" Toby asked.

"Nope," said Mason. "Just a private affair."

"But how'll I know when they laugh? How'll I time my laughs?"

This business of working without an audience had Toby worried.

"Just read your lines and if you have any household gods, pray to them," Mason answered, grinning. "These auditions are cold-blooded propositions. But don't let it worry you. You'll do all right. Now . . . tell me . . . have you had any mike experience?"

"Oh, lots," Toby declared grandly.

"Of course. But, just between ourselves, did you ever work on one before?" and Mason looked keenly at Toby. He waited a moment and then continued:

"Old Man Mike isn't such a tough customer if you treat him right. He's just a mechanical ear and if you'll treat him just as you treat the ear of a friend, you'll get along all right."

"NOW, wait a minute," Toby said. "You mean if I think of that gadget as a friend . . . that his ear is right there . . . that is the right way to work to the microphone?"

David laughed.

"That's all!" he said. "All this talk about the mystery of the microphone technique doesn't mean anything. Just give the mike the same respect you'd give a friend's ear, and you'll be all right!"

Toby looked at Margy. She had been listening intently.

"Get it, hon?" Toby asked.

Margy nodded.

"I got it, Toots," she said.

David nodded.

"That's fine," he said. "Now for a balance. I take it you two are working together. Now just walk up to the mike, keep your mouths about twelve or fourteen inches from the diaphragm —that's the diaphragm in front of it there—and just talk naturally. And don't try to talk to the folks in the balcony because there isn't any balcony in radio. Every seat is in the front row."

Toby and Margy approached the mike. Toby shivered inside himself. The whole thing was so cold. No footlights. No entrance music. No ripple of applause from the audience. Just a bare room and a queer looking metal box on the end of a metal stick—the mike!

HE was still wondering just what it was all about when he heard Margy speak.

"So this is radio! What do you think of it, Toby?"

He answered without thinking.

"Huh? Listen kid, this radio business gives me the creeps."

Suddenly he remembered he was in front of the microphone. He looked quickly toward the glass window. The engineer was making some sort of signal. David Mason watched too, then turned to Toby with a smile:

"O. K. Malone. Just keep that same tone of voice and you'll be alright." He glanced at a clock on the wall. "Say . . . only a minute to go. Is your script in order? To bad there isn't time to run through the show on the mike before the audition—but you'll be all right."

Toby gasped. One minute and the audition. One minute and his whole future hung in the balance. One minute and he'd either open the door to fame on the air—or there'd be nothing.

Suddenly Toby hated microphones and studios and all of broadcasting. He hated radio announcers who were so much at ease. He hated the very idea of trying to be funny without there being the slightest barometer of just how funny he was. The whole thing was cold and mechanical. It wasn't show business. It was . . . it was . . . well, Toby couldn't think just what it was like because nothing in his experience could compare with it. His throat tightened.

"Thirty seconds," said Mason quietly, glancing again at a minute hand that raced around the clock.

Toby's mouth was dry. He glanced at his script. The typed words blurred. He couldn't read those words. He hadn't read them often enough to remember them. Around his stomach a band tightened and tightened. This was sheer hell. Toby had mike fright.

Beside him, Margy stood quietly. Her hands, which held her script, trembled slightly. She, too, felt that her mouth was dry; that a drink of water would be the most precious thing in the world. She glanced hurriedly at David Mason. The announcer seemed quite cool and collected. One wouldn't think to look at him that this was the most important event that ever happened to anybody. Toby, she knew instinctively, was scared stiff. A quick glance down and she saw his knees were shaking. Her's too, were moving, though not so visibly. She shifted her weight from one foot to another and looked at Professor Gus.

The professor, seated in a folding chair at one side of the studio was methodically tearing his necktie into tiny bits. He looked strange without the necktie. Just how he'd got it off and into his hands Margy couldn't figure—but there it was—probably a two dollar necktie and now nothing but a lot of tiny pieces of silk. The silk couldn't be very good, Margy thought, or else it wouldn't tear so easily. But then, the professor had strong hands—

Suddenly David Mason held up his hand. Tony, Margy and the professor stopped breathing.

"HERE we go, folks," said David quietly. He looked through the glass panel at the engineer. The engineer's hand was uplifted. Suddenly it dropped. Mason started to speak, quietly and as one friend to another to the microphone in front of him.

"We present Toby Malone, himself," said David. He stopped.

There were five seconds of deadly quiet. David looked at Toby, eyebrows lifted. Toby suddenly realized that was his cue.

"Hello, Toots," he said. "I see the keeper has been careless again."

Margy looked at him and grinned and then her eyes went to her script.

"Oh, I'm fine, thank you. It's nice that I saw you yesterday."

The seven members of the program board had been very quiet. There had been a few smiles but no audible laughs. Then David Mason's voice said:

"You have just heard Toby Malone, himself."

As one, the seven members of the board breathed noisily. Still no one spoke.

Lorton, glancing at the other six faces, broke the silence.

"You heard him, ladies and gentlemen. What's the verdict?"

Keith Rice didn't hesitate.

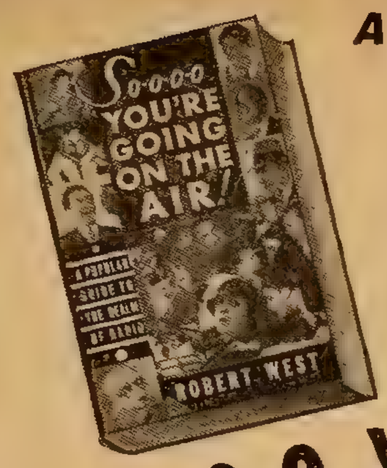
"Absolutely no. Just another low-brow comic. Just a lot of gags. Just the thing we're trying to get away from. I might use the girl in some of our better dramatic sketches;—but Malone won't do."

Lorton looked at Clem Bancroft, the man who thought of radio performers as advertising copy.

"How about it Clem?"

Bancroft considered.

"Yes . . . and no. He's a possibility. He might be able to kid sales talks and Benny has proved that is successful. I think he's worth a try-out."



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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. R.M.8, 1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Lorton nodded.

"One for. One against. As a matter of fact, I'm for the guy. And the girl is marvellous. I don't know why but she's great. How about you, Joe?

Joel Miller shook his head.

"Can't see him at all. It isn't radio. It isn't the stuff the folks in Oshkosh will go for. I'm against him."

"Two for. Two against." said Lorton. "How about you, Harry? Think he has any publicity possibilities?"

"Well," said Harry Rush cautiously, "The girl is probably his wife. I never heard a comedian yet that didn't drag his wife into the script. Only thing is, this gal is good. I think we could build 'em up. I'd say take them. It won't cost us too much.

Lorton looked at Parker Smith.

Smith shook his head.

"Can't see him at all," he said. "I didn't think he was funny nor do I think he has any possibilities. I vote against him."

Beth Hollister hadn't said a word. Lorton looked at her enquiringly.

"Three of us like him. Three of us don't, Beth," he said. "His fate is in your hands. Do we take Toby Malone and make him into a radio name . . . or don't we?"

Beth smiled.

"So, his fate is in my hands?" There was a cold, thoughtful glint in her eyes. The other six watched her carefully. Miss Hollister was so uncannily right. She'd picked so many winners. If she decided Toby Malone would have a chance, he'd get that chance. If she decided he wasn't worth further consideration, then that was that and that was also the end of Malone so far as the CBC was concerned.

"All right, Beth, what do you think?" Lorton spoke.

Beth straightened up in her chair and then leaned over the table.

"Gentleman, listen to me—here is exactly what I think about Toby——"

Does Toby get his big chance? Is he one of the lucky ones whom some big sponsor signs at a four-figure salary and whom the public goes wild over for a few months? What happens to Margy the little waitress and to the strange professor? Read next month's thrilling installment of this realistic radio drama by Peter Dixon.

Was Spalding's Wealth a Handicap

(*Continued from page* 21)

accepted every sort of engagement he could get . . . mean ones, ill-paid ones, unglamorous ones; tours that better-known violinists had rejected; concerts in stuffy school-rooms and icy provincial theatres. Once he played in a barn; another time, in a badly ventilated boys' gymnasium, where the floor was of packed dirt, and his dressing-room was the boiler room. He accepted those offers partly to earn the money he needed, but more to prove that he couldn't be scared off. He didn't want luxury at home. Nothing of the soft amateur about him! To-day he tells you it was grand training. Conditions don't have to be "artistically perfect" for him to get his results. He struggled along for three years, and met with only moderate success.

Then, when he was nineteen, he had his first great triumph in Russia, the land that knows more about the violin and has produced more great violinists than any other in the world. Spalding was utterly strange in Russia. He carried no letters of introduction. Nobody knew him, or his family, or whether he was rich or poor. The conditions were exactly what he had longed for . . . there was only his playing to make or break him. So he played . . . and the musical world hailed him as a master. Houses were packed to hear him; people applauded, people wept; Dukes and princes pressed him to dine with them. The boy was utterly dazed by his triumph. The Russians loved his music, they loved his personality; also, they loved his "beautiful, foreign-sounding name. When he came out of Russia, he was no longer Mr. Spalding's young son. He was Albert Spalding, master violinist. And then he came home to America.

To-day, when we hear Spalding over the air, we hear him announced as "America's own great violinist". We like to hear that. It does something personal to everyone of us. Unconsciously, we are proud to be Americans with him; proud that America has produced so great an artist. But it wasn't always like that! Twenty-five years ago, when Spalding came home to America, he found the musical situation entirely in the hands of foreigners, with "beautiful, foreign-sounding names" of their own. Plain Americans weren't supposed to be musical! There never had been a world-rocking, hundred-per-cent American violinist, and popular belief held that, for that reason, there never could be! A natural belief, perhaps, but a hard one to buck. Mr. Spalding tells you that he suddenly found the forty-eight states reduced to one, and that one was Missouri. People had to be shown. An American violinist? Shucks, Americans weren't musical. Repeatedly Spalding was urged to add a decorative "insky" or "ivanoff" to his name, and repeatedly he refused. Again he wanted to stand entirely on his own feet. In Europe, he had had to fight down being a rich man's son, and he had won. At home, he had to fight down being an American! So he put behind him all his dreams of triumph, all his memories of past triumphs, and again began a resolute climb, into the back door and up the back stairs. Again he accepted mean, ill-paid, unglamorous engagements . . . simply for a chance to be heard and to prove that an American birthright doesn't necessarily cut one off from musical ability. And again he won . . . not alone his own fight this time, but the fight of every other young musician this country will ever produce. Spalding was the first. Because of him, no one can ever again doubt that American blood and American temper are capable of taking their place beside the music of foreign tradition. Because of him, the forty-eight states have come back to normal proportions.

In his person, Spalding is the sort of man you would turn to on a crowded railroad platform to ask your way. He is kind and he looks it. He likes people. The years of struggle have told on him. His eyes are thoughtful and his jaw has the fighter's squareness. But he has a keen sense of humor. He has a bad memory for names and engagements, but a marvelous memory for what he calls useless historical information. He can tell you offhand whom the various presidents married, and where the different treaties were signed. He remembers telephone numbers by the dates of historical events. His tastes are extremely varied. His passions are, first, music, and then cross-word puzzles, his collection of rare china, and sweet things to eat. Once his sweet-tooth nearly involved him in an international complication.

That was during the war, when he was Adjutant to New York's Mayor LaGuardia, on the flying field at Rome. Spalding and LaGuardia were invited to dine with the King of Italy, at the Italian front. The royal table held luxuries that the American dough-boys hadn't seen in months, and when a real dessert appeared, Spalding nearly fainted with joy. The dish was passed a second time, at last, and the King declined it. Now, etiquette forbids anyone to accept what royalty refuses. But when the dish reached Spalding, he couldn't bear to stand on etiquette. He helped himself to that sweet, and generously. Everyone else at the table held his breath in horror. Etiquette had been broken! But King Victor Emanuel laughed. He had forgotten about soldiers' short rations, but he called the butler back and took his own second serving, thus opening the way for the other guests.

Spalding's only "hates" are dishonesty and getting up early in the morning. He is the most tolerant of men. He enjoys reading, swimming, driving a car, and playing tennis. He has no idea of "temperament," and his modesty amounts to a fault. He makes light of what he has accomplished, and tells you that, in his playing, *he* doesn't count at all . . . it's the music that is important. He is married, to a lady of delicate beauty and magnetic charm, who is a real chum to him, but who shuns being talked about, because "one in the family is enough." He breaks things easily. The first week they were married, Mrs. Spalding handed him a balky camera, relying on the delicacy of his sensitive violinist's fingers to set it right. She got it back in sections. On such occasions, Spald-

ing assures one that he doesn't "do it for temper".

Spalding is tremendously keen on his radio work, different as it is from his familiar concert routine, where he sees his audience before him. He does not suffer from "mike fright". Since he never uses notes, he closes his eyes while playing, and makes mental pictures of the people who have been writing to him . . . farm wives, miners, lonely ranchers, school children in small towns. He feels he reaches the people better that way. And he wants to reach them. He has an idea that *just the plain people* made his career possible, by listening to him and believing in him. And that is exactly the sort of human being you would want "America's most popular instrumentalist" to be . . . a man who has licked the circumstance of wealth and the prejudice of nationality by his genius and his plain "Yankee grit" . . . and then thinks that you and I are kind to be interested in him!

What Did "Mike" Give the Rich Lady?

(*Continued from page* 19)

she couldn't change their minds, she packed up and left the West Coast movie center, headed straight for Chicago where she sold her talent and experiences to the sponsors of Welch's Grapejuice and began to appear in those air sketches in which she reproduced her off-the-set experiences during her film career. Then the studio changed the type of sketch and she moved to New York, only to find that the skits followed her and she's still trying to persuade the radio people to go back to her original series of broadcasts.

Many of Miss Rich's radio fans have come over from the motion picture ranks. She believes there is a greater demand for personality on the air than on the screen. She's sure the voice of the unseen artist registers more accurately than the film cameras can ever get it. She says she feels her soul is naked when she steps up to the mike and she knows she couldn't fool her audience if she wanted to.

"In acting before the mike there is not the personal contact between the actors as on the screen or stage," she explains. "Each stands in front of the mike and goes through the script. This makes it more difficult to create realism and sincerity and illusion. Acting before a studio audience while broadcasting is difficult because to avoid blasting your voice through the mike you speak almost too low for the studio audience to hear you. But it is all very new, very exciting and very stimulating."

The thing that affects Irene most while acting is how her associate actors use their hands. She is most susceptible to the drama of hands and usually bases her opinion of people by their hands, not so much the form and texture as the manner in which they use them. But when you're on the air it's the voice out on its own and the performer must succeed or flop on his or her vocal impression. That's why Miss Rich feels radio is more exacting than any motion picture producer.

WHEN her radio audience tunes in for her weekly broadcast, Irene always imagines they are friends who open the doors of their homes to her and she can hear them say, "Hello, Irene. Glad to see you." And she feels lonely when the signing off time comes and she must wait a whole week to visit them again.

Working at the thing which makes you happy is Miss Rich's panacea for all the discontents. What makes one person happy, will find another miserable, she knows and so she says her formula for a busy and contented existence won't do at all for most other women. There are the women who are essentially domestic and for them the only way to happiness is in their own home. Others want excitement and luxury without too much effort. A career that has first call and to which all other interests are sacrificed wouldn't do at all. So Miss Rich says her philosophy is good for Irene Rich and that's enough for her. And radio, she feels, can give her more than anything else—a job that absorbs her interest, a medium for expressing her true self and the largest audience to which she ever played.

THEIR DREAM GIRLS AND PHANTOM LOVERS

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How do you rate in this category of dream girl or phantom lover?

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Hot and Airy

(*Continued from page 7*)

at our place and we have such a good time jumping and diving in it. But we're going to have more fun next week.

GEORGE: More fun next week?

GRACIE: Yes, my uncle is going to put water in it.

* * *

News from Hollywood has it that the cinema stars are growing weary of guest appearances on the air without compensation. Some standouts are demanding anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000 every time they face the mike, no matter what they do or how long it takes to do it. The failure of Jack Oakie to show up for a Ben Bernie broadcast after being advertised is said to be due to the non-payment arrangement. Oakie, who is scheduled to go on the air in the fall for a sponsor, thought it wouldn't help him a bit professionally if his sponsor knew he appeared for nothing.

* * *

IN A LINE OR TWO

The first violinist in Peter Van Steeden's orchestra doubles as a dentist and has a thriving trade among musicians . . . Jesse Block and Eve Sully will be featured in one picture a year for the next three years by Sam Goldwyn . . . Have you noticed that Rudy Vallee's voice is changing to baritone? . . . Conrad Thibault was a protege of the late Calvin Coolidge . . . Johnny Green and The Country Gentlemen are among the latest radio celebs to make movie shorts . . . A race horse has been named after Ted Husing . . . Maxine Marlowe, new vocalist on Columbia, is a California girl discovered by Phil Spitalny . . . Did you know that Station WGY, Schenectady, originates 45 programs monthly for an NBC-WEAF network? . . . Never can it be said that the jokes used on the air haven't stood the test of time . . . Less than four years ago the Mills Brothers were bootblacks in Chicago . . . Which reminds that Ruth Etting and Sally Rand, the fan dancer, were fellow chorus girls at the old Marigold Gardens, Chicago . . . "When television comes, a lot of radio artists will have to hide around the corner," says Ed Wynn . . . Bing Crosby is some shucks as a golfer. Last summer at the Lakeside Country Club, Los Angeles, he made a score of 69. This summer he won the annual tournament trophy on the same course. The embarrassing thing about it, though, was that he had donated the cup himself! . . . Which also reminds that although Bing is on the Pacific Coast and Lennie Hayton is in New York they continue great pals. Almost nightly they hold long confabs via the long distance.

* * *

They are telling a story along Radio Row about a certain orchestra leader noted for his parsimony. He kept promising to his arranger, to whose skill he owes much of his success, a bonus but seemed content to continue his meagre weekly wage. Then one day in front of his musicians, the bandman, with face beaming, handed the arranger a package. "Here's a gift for you, old man," he said, "open it up and see what it is."

He did and found an autographed photo of the maestro.

"Now, what do you say?" demanded the radiant conductor.

"It's just like *you*," was the nifty retort.

* * *

This is a funny world and radio is one of the biggest laughs. Three years ago studio officials wouldn't allow three of the biggest headliners today to broadcast from their stations for nothing. Now they pay them princely sums—and like it. The three are Joe Penner, world's greatest duck salesman, and Jesse Block and Eve Sully, the comedy pair introduced to air audiences by Eddie Cantor. They were touring the country with a Publix unit. Part of the exploitation plan was for the members of the troupe to broadcast from local stations in each city played. That is, every performer went on the air excepting Penner and Block and Sully. The studio managers along the route all took the same stand, that comedy could never be projected on the air. This, you must remember, was before the advent of Ed Wynn and the beginning of the comedians' cycle on the kilocycles. The banning was heartbreaking to the trio of funmakers then but they are having plenty of consolation now every time they bank a broadcast check.

* * *

A MAID AND A MAESTRO

This is the story of the way of a maestro with a maid. Eight years ago Don Bestor and his band were holding forth at the Terrace Gardens, Chicago. Among the entertainers was a petite dancer, Frankie Klassem by name. Don cast longing eyes at Frankie but the daughter of Terpsichore couldn't see him with a telescope, as the saying goes. One day Don chanced to see Frankie tenderly administering to a dog with an injured paw. Now, musicians are trained to pick up cues quickly and Don, being a master musician, is even quicker. He hustled into his dressing room and a few minutes later emerged crying with pain from a splinter of wood embedded beneath a finger nail! The sympathetic Frankie rushed to the rescue with hot water and antiseptics and—Well, you know the rest. They were married two weeks later.

* * *

In honor of their Patron Saint, radio comics and gag men met recently in New York and hung a plaque to Joe Miller. It remained for the Three Scamps to pull the best gag in connection with the ceremony. They wanted to know why the hanging was confined to a plaque!

Fred Allen has discovered that Admiral Byrd uses no studio audiences at his broadcasts. He explains that what you think is applause is some seal lounging around near the microphone or a man in the control igloo trying to get warm. Which reminds of the reply Allen made in filling out one of those radio questionnaires. The query was, "What do you like best on your radio?" Allen answered, "A cocktail shaker."

* * *

Band masters are going in for reducing. Everybody knows how Paul Whiteman got rid of excess avoirdupois to please Margaret Livingston. She told all about it in her book, "Whiteman's Burden." Now Dick Himber and Jacques Renard are concerned about what they eat. Himber shed 30 pounds in less than 30 days and Renard managed to get rid of 20 pounds in about the same time. B. A. Rolfe will probably be the next member of the club.

* * *

Enric Madriquera, NBC maestro whose specialty is tantalizing tangos, is being sued for $100,000 breach of promise by a lady rejoicing in the name of Gay Delys. Madriquera, who wields the baton at the Waldorf-Astoria and is a society favorite, was the victim of extortionists a year ago. His income tax statement shows he was separated from $9,500 at the time, for that is what the government allowed him to deduct from his income.

* * *

TELLING IT TERSELY

Gertrude Berg, creator of Molly Goldberg and author of The Goldbergs, has refused an offer of the British Broadcasting Company to air the series in England . . . Of all the five-cent cigar gags, Mercury likes best Col. Stoopnagle's "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar—without the scent" . . . Jessica Dragonette is making a movie for Paramount . . . Ruth Etting won't be back on the airlanes until September . . . Now they are calling Jack Denny the marrying maestro because he has promoted five weddings since playing at the Hotel Pierre . . . Jerry Cooper, who is doing two sustaining programs a week on CBS, is a protege of Will Rogers . . . The huge fees Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt receives for her commercial broadcasts go to The Friends Service Committee, of Philadelphia, and are devoted to educational, handicraft and health projects in mining communities . . . Morton Downey has become a business man. He is financially interested in a Brooklyn factory making unbreakable glass . . . Mary McCoy, at the age of nine, made $5 singing before a woman's club in Kansas and decided right there and then on a singing career . . . Babe Ruth's fan mail averages 16,000 letters a week . . . Paul Keats, the baritone, is a descendant of John Keats, the poet, and wears a ring

once owned by him . . . Edith Murray has just made a movie short . . . "The Twilight Hour" is the title of a book of children's tales written by Annette Hanshaw . . . Al Bernie, 14-year old impersonator discovered by Rudy Vallee, graduated from public school in June . . . Sisters of Ben Bernie and Phil Baker, who operate a milk reducing farm in New York state, claim to have melted 10,000 pounds off of women patrons in a year . . . There are three radios in the home of Roger Wolfe Kahn, millionaire band master; a radio in each of his three airplanes; one in each of his two cars and still another in his speedboat . . . Dave Rubinoff's manager is his brother, Phil . . . Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. There are at least twenty others scattered about the country doing the same sort of a broadcast as The Voice of Experience.

* * *

In five years of broadcasting Gene and Glenn have sung more than 2,000 hymns on the air. They have written several gospel tunes and have published their own hymn book. Several of their songs have become nationally known, including "Tune Jesus Into Your Heart," "Singing His Song of Love" and "When We Drive Down That Golden Street."

* * *

Thumb nail sketch of Jimmy Durante's career: Started in life as a bootblack, became a baker's assistant and then found himself lathering customers in his father's barber shop. It was there while splashing soap into the eyes and ears of the trade that he learned repartee and decided on a stage career. Piano playing engagements in Coney Island honky-tonks brought him in contact with Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton and the firm of Clayton, Jackson and Durante was formed. They played night clubs and then went into musical comedy. The trio dissolved when Durante became a movie star.

* * *

Fred Waring's Band does an annual business of $1,000,000. Less than 15 years ago Waring was glad to receive $50 a night for his orchestra. At the Capitol theatre, New York, recently Waring collected $20,000 for the week's engagement. The tremendous increase in revenue is attributed directly to his radio success.

Even a more striking demonstration of how radio boosts incomes is the story of Dave Rubinoff. The figures in his case are on file in court as result of the suit for back maintenance money brought by his divorced wife, the former Blanche Moreland, and therefore are reasonably authentic. According to these, Rubinoff was making $20,000 a year when Eddie Cantor started "ribbing" him on the Chase & Sanborn program and then his annual revenue jumped to $260,000!

* * *

Mrs. Joseph Deems Taylor, well known actress and writer under the name of Mary Kennedy, went out to Reno and told a sympathetic judge she was the victim of extreme cruelty. Result: Divorce. And thus went on the rocks the second marriage of Deems Taylor, opera composer, critic, wit and popular broadcaster. The first Mrs. Taylor was the former Jane Anderson of Atlanta. A few years ago Mr. Taylar collaborated with Mary Kennedy in the writing of a child's book, "A Surprise for the Children." The news from Reno was said to be quite a surprise to their 7-year-old daughter, Joan.

* * *

There are plenty of actors out of work, yet one man has been appearing on two programs at the same time in two widely separated studios. Impossible you say. Well, here is how it was done: The actor, Howard Smith, played the court clerk in "The Court of Human Relations" opening on CBS at 8:30 p. m. He opened court there and sped to Radio City to play a part on the Babe Ruth broadcast from 8:45 to 9 p. m. That gave him time to hustle back to 485 Madison Avenue to close the court program at 9:15 o'clock.

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

Arthur Latour, manager of the CBS Theatre on 44th Street where originate many Columbia feature broadcasts, was a stunt flier in the movies for fifteen years. He quit after a crack-up while making "Hell's Angels" . . . According to Walter Winchell, who is off the air until September, radio companies in Los Angeles play so many recordings that when the announcers go home to dine they start spinning their dinner plates . . . Tony Wons has written but one poem.

"Our Public" Broadcasting

(*Continued from page 57*)

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The one criticism I have is the frequency with which a super-popular song is played. It seems that there could be arranged some sort of supervision that would eliminate this. Often there is no use to switch to another station for one is quite likely to hear the same song.

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They're Office Wives to Radio Idols

(Continued from page 9)

his plans." All professionals, she had observed, were like this but none quite as forceful and energetic as P. W.

Miss Bell drops in at the Biltmore to listen to the band and was quite unconcerned when I pointed out that this was a sort of postman's holiday.

Well dressed, intelligent and interesting would seem proper adjectives to suit this young lady who even recovered from the awful experience of being a press agent!

I caught Stoopnagle & Budd at rehearsal. I pointed at the Colonel.

"I want to interview your secretary . . . hello Budd . . . Hahya?"

"Secretary, secretary . . . wait a sec . . ." mused the Colonel on the brink of a gag.

"You remember that woman," chipped in Budd (The other Rover Boy), "That Fanny."

"Which Fanny," began the Col. and corrected himself," You mean Fanny Gladpebble, Budd."

From here the duo plunged into the book of memory and produced without recourse to sleight of hand the following story of a beautiful woman and an idyllic moment in their lives.

FANNY was croquet champion of all Babylon, L. I., when they first saw her charms and muscles as she smote the ball of wood. Over high tea they learned that she was a wow at battledore and shuttlecock and Budd swooned into a game pie. They signed her up on the spot.

They told me that she never came into the office without a sprig of Heart's Ease pinned onto her bosom. Her love for flowers even extended to a daily jar of Phlox . . . "Phlox of flowers, Phlox," the Col. muttered.

Fanny cared but a whit for the wireless. It squealed too much and the music bothered her ears but there was one exception to this . . . she loved Tony Wons. How she loved Tony . . . on the air of course.

It wasn't so bad until she began to talk like him. That was a little more than even the dauntless Rovers could stand and they moved far away.

"A beautiful dream, an idyll of spring gone never to return," chorused the fun-loving lads.

I noticed then that Budd was scratching his head and I bent an ear.

"Colonel," I heard through the bent ear, "Are you sure that it was Fanny Gladpebble who was our secretary?"

"Did we ever have a secretary?" commenced the Col.

I too became an idyll of some sort "gone, never to return"!

Evelyn Langfeldt has been five years with Rudy Vallée. I've known her just as long so it won't be hard to do this one. Evelyn is a swell looker who never forgets her job. Of her boss she says, "He can be brutally frank but he is so sincere that you just can't take offence. He is certainly the greatest artist on the air and I'm not prejudiced." She also feels that very few people know that he has, in addition to the artistic qualities, executive ability of a rare order.

After a day of hard work she likes nothing better than a glass of cold milk, a spot of bridge, a dab at the movies, a slice of the theatre, either, any or both. Likes interviews, doesn't drink, puffs Camels, enjoys going on the road most of all.

She says Ozzie Nelson has a good air band, Joe Penner should have no trouble in selling her a duck and Walter Winchell can invent news items for her anytime. The prettiest secretary in town.

My next interviewee was Miss Dorothy Ross who handles office matters for the firm of Olsen & Shutta. She couldn't think of enough nice things to say about the pair so I prompted her. George was a swell guy and Ethel was charming. She didn't see how any woman could be such a fine artist and at the same time a capable and devoted mother.

She lives at the Windsor, partly I suspect to be able to say good morning to Fred Allen who takes air honors for her. A real out and out movie fan is Miss Ross, bridge can go its own way as far as she's concerned; besides George plays enough for all of them. Likes to travel and remembers several swell trips to the Coast. This was her first interview and she professed to be scared not one bit.

Devoted admirer and aid to Vincent Lopez is Miss Shirley Vogel, the tiniest of them all. He's the shyest person she's ever met and a great many people mistake this for affectation; did I understand? If I didn't I was willing to be convinced I thought and asked her if he could play the piano. When she calmed down she told me that she thought his playing was doing the impossible; it was even getting better.

RADIO and bridge were out but she really could stand an awful lot of Fredric March at one sitting. Dancing, yes, and the boss's experiments in numerology. Lopez, she told me, won't hire a person until he's checked them up in numbers. If the numbers nod he hires 'em but just let them try to see what he found out. Nothing doing! Loves sport clothes, gives martinis the go-by; no Luckies please.

Tiny feet, tiny hands, tiny figger, tiny Miss Vogel!

Mr. Penner's Girl Friday is Faber, Mildred Faber, by name. This pleasingly plump damsel admits to having worked for Rubinoff, the great. This apparently had no ill effects on her for now she toils in an atmosphere of duck feathers. "Toils" is perhaps not the right word, for, according to her, Mr. Penner is definitely the nicest man who ever lived. His disposition is above reproach and he is unfailingly kind and considerate. The same applies to Miss Faber if I'm any judge.

She's a movie hound with time out for a round of bridge anytime, any-

how. Likes Master Benny and Rudy V. as well as George Burns and his friend Gracie Allen. Chesterfields my boy, and keep that fortune teller outside. Blessed with brown hair, green eyes and an utter calm, Miss Faber effortlessly guides a staff of four. Penner has *all* the luck!

Straight from the workshop of a radio appliance inventor came Miss Jeanne Bond to work for Leo Reisman. Miss Bond was minded to say that Mr. Reisman is a talented musician, a brilliant conversationalist and a gentleman of very original viewpoints.

Miss Bond goes in for the flickers and can stand the radio for a length. Tuning the appliances she learned to love she invariably gets Jack Benny. This liking doesn't extend to his product.

Besides these she confesses to a sneaking admiration for: blue eyes, lobster, baritones, Cabell, high heels, Tristan and Isolde, wild strawberries, circuses and pug noses. Happy hunting, Miss Bond!

And so we take leave of the Ladies of the Typewriter. We can do naught but wish them well and pray for mercy at their hands when we wouldst talk to the man who hires them . . . to keep us away, you and I.

But try your luck sometime.

Two Giggles in a Carload of Gags

(*Continued from page* 13)

to do their part of the program, and with grim lips and glittering eyes, the sharp-shooters slipped wraith-like from the room. But before you could say "Peter Ilitch Tschaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite," they returned. Gone was all their boyish laughter, and their beaming faces were wreathed in sets of whiskers that made the mugs of the Smith Brothers look like well-mowed lawns. Ten-gallon hats were upon their heads, their necks bandana-bound, and in their hands they carried cap-pistols, which are all that is necessary to blow out the brains of unsmiling musicians. Bing-bing! spoke the lethal weapons, and again Bing-bing! And I don't mean Crosby.

Slowly, like a dim sun beaming through a fog, smiles spread over the masks of the music men. They read the threat, and decided that there was truth in the ancient adage that a sense of humor is a saving grace. Eventually they laughed. The boys took off their disguises. The rehearsal went on right merrily, with every bloomin' horn-tooter laughing loud at the right places. Personally I was grievously disappointed. It would have been so much more fun to kill the musicians. But we can't have everything, and maybe there'll be better luck next time.

By now me and the boys were buddies, and when Nelson Hesse joined our little group, we all adjourned to the Colonel's apartment to harmonize on "The Mill Stream." I don't mean there's a brook in the flat, that's the name of a song. But on the way over we got to talking about serious things like Fay Wray, whom Budd likes and Stoopy doesn't, and Foo Young Don, which, unlike Miss Wray, is something to eat, and which Stoopnagle adores but Budd can take or leave. Then from Fay we chatted about French fried potatoes, Rudy Vallee, women in general and Fay Webb in particular. From Miss Webb we got around to the Colonel's new invention, a movable knot-hole for base-ball parks.

I suppose all you lives-of-the-party are familiar with the Colonel's past achievements, but I, personally, spent a most illuminating afternoon ruminating over his scientific accomplishments and a bottle which said "Scotch" on the outside. As the hours wore on in such agreeable occupation, I won't be quite sure which of the inventions I really, actually saw, with my own eyes, as the saying goes, and which they told about. But, just for the record, as Governor Stoopnagle would say, let's list a few for posterity.

There were windowless windows which didn't need closing; round dice for those who preferred to play marbles; a stringless violin for zither players; a bottle with the bottom olives on top on account of it being so hard to get the bottom olives off the bottom of the bottle; red, white and blue starch to keep the flag flying when there was no wind; a rungless ladder for washing first floor windows; a revolving globe for tired fish; a nipless catnip for cats afraid of being nipped; a cellophane haystack for needle-finders; an umbrella of identical material so you can see when it rains; a new process for dotting the "I" in alphabet soup, and so far into the night until I signed their guest-book Etaoin Shrdlu.

THERE were lucid moments, however, and in these I learned that both boys are entirely the product of radio. Each has received the usual order by taking on stage and screen engagements after batting .300 along the air-waves. They were, perhaps, the very first to do aerial imitations, and they've mimicked everyone from Coolidge to Crosby to Calloway, and Amos ('n' Andy) to Adams (Evangeline). They departed from the blazed trails, and hewed a distinctive path to popularity, and oddly enough, their nit-wit brand of fun has its greatest following among our more erudite citizens—you know, them wise guys. A Harvard professor, for instance, sounded the soft impeachment that they were his favorite diversion because he didn't have to think.

The boys' material, written by Mr. Taylor, is rather more than it appears to be on the surface. It is both subtle and satirical, for the idea is to spoof anything and everything, but particularly to puncture the pompous stuffed-shirt which abounds in every community. The top-lofty ridiculousness of the Colonel's patter is such as to cause snickers along highways and hamlets—"doesn't he remind you of Uncle Willie?" And the boys are content with

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being gently, albeit satirically, amusing. They don't strive for abdominal hilarity, a slang phrase for belly laughs.

Each is a natural comedian. They can make cracks and gags and puns and nifties as cleverly in casual conversation as they can professionally, and in the beginning of their march to the top, ad-libbing was the rule. They'd just get up to the mike and be funny. Now they must conform to time requirements on national hook-ups, and they find it somewhat irksome. Their brand of nonsense depends largely upon the builder-upper element, for there is rarely an actual climax. It is just a gentle flow of insanity that meets greater appreciation the longer it continues.

Both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Hulick agree that the radio public likes the obvious. And their humor appears to be aimed at the broadside of the proverbial barn. Yet, it is so very obvious that it creates the tantalizing thought, now why didn't we all think of that? The ingenious "disinventions" of Stoopnagle evidence the mind of a real comedian, and maybe the most perfect example is the Colonel's idea for a hookless hook to use in not hanging up your mother-in-law's gown.

AS with most radio folk, the racket isn't so soft a touch as may appear. The labors of Stoopnagle and Budd are far more onerous than they seem to the tuner-inners, for the actual broadcasting isn't a drop in a reservoir compared to the work of rehearsing, and more especially of creating the material. That single half-hour on the air isn't what causes the boys to rate in $25,000 programs.

I've tried to tell you that there's nothing namby-pamby about Budd and Stoopnagle. I've never met a more attractive pair of guys. They're the kind you'd like along for either a fight or a frolic—men's men, with an eye for the ladies. But when it comes to the air-waves they "keep it clean," and never a risque bon mot, or a doubtful situation enters into their continuity. There's no cleaning up of dirty jokes or cloaking of smut under double entendre. Not only do they respect the susceptibilities of their audience, both adult and juvenile, but they have the common sense to realize that bright, out-in-the-open, sun-kissed humor will last longest. There's no reason why, at their present pace, Stoopnagle and Budd shouldn't continue to a place among radio immortals.

One thing you may or may not know, is that the boys play all the parts in their dray-mas. No matter how many of their outlandish characters sound over the microphone, the voices are those of Taylor and Hulick. And another thing is that their favorite persons, the hick creations Hezey and Newton, popularly presumed to be way-down-East folk, aren't New Englanders at all, but speak with the accent of Chautauqua County, up York State.

Both boys would emerge from any mental test with a high I. Q. rating. Not only have they real, basic intelligence, but a scintillating, nimble wittedness which makes them interesting, articulate persons, capable of serious discussion on any topic, as well as entertaining exchangers of persiflage, slang for gay guys when it comes to cracking wise. Of the two, the Colonel impressed me, strangely enough, as being the more worrisome member of the team. You'd guess the other way to look the boys over, but somehow Budd seems to have more of the oh-to-hell-with-it swagger about him. Stoopy frets.

Both boys have been married, and I believe one of 'em is working at it. And just for the fun of it, I'll leave it to you to guess which one. The Colonel has a passion for eggs and boutonneires of carnations, while Budd has the more theatrical penchant for lobster and cornflowers. Both are well dressed—not what Beeway calls "nifty on and off"—but really, well, and that means quietly, apparelled. Stoop favors blue, and Budd sticks to conservative colors as well. Each is really a Colonel, by dispensation of Governor Ruby Lafoon, of Kaintucky, suh. And Stoopnagle is called Colonel and referred to as "the Colonel" by his friends. Budd's just Budd. Mr. Taylor is a little cuckoo over motor-boating, and keeps a craft on the river. Mr. Hulick prefers to take those jumps on horse-back if it's all the same to you. Their favorite persons include Kay Francis and Bill Powell for the Colonel, and Bing Crosby and the aforementioned Fay Wray. The Col. smokes a pipe—but, don't worry Mr. Sponsor—it's the kind of tobacco you put out!

THE chances are I would have learned much more about these lads save for an untoward incident that brought our interview to a close. A nice announcer joined the party, which is in itself an event. This boy was really a swell guy, a metallic sort of chap with a silver voice, a golden smile, iron gray hair, steely blue eyes. Somehow the talk drifted to ancestors, and the broadcaster let it be known that one of his family names was Zell.

"Oh," cracked the Colonel, "you don't mean Paddy Zell!"

I let it pass.

There was no noticeable tension, and the conversation continued with the announcer going higher into the branches of his family tree to recall the name of Milliken.

"That came from Milliken cows," punned the Colonel again.

Well, after all, a guy has to draw the line somewhere, and this, I considered, was as good a place as any. So, not forgetting to drain my glass, I borrowed Budd's cap-pistol and shot Stoopnagle. And thus the tale ends.

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Real Tears Gave Her the Blue Notes

(*Continued from page 25*)

in New York and get my things. If you have any sort of an imagination, just picture me in a flimsy dress with a great big floppy hat and a borrowed coat, on a cold mid-winter day standing on a New York dock. Everybody was staring at me. They must have thought I was crazy or just a freak. However, when I met my friends we all had a hearty laugh and I promised myself I would never be late again. I'm not telling whether or not I have kept that promise."

This incident was told to me in Edith Murray's cozy little apartment. Her dark eyes sparkled and her cheeks dimpled as she was reminiscing.

She is dark, well-built and determined which I suppose she inherits from her Spanish father while her good humor and devilish smile was handed to her by her Irish mother.

I asked the inevitable question, "How did you get your break in radio."

"Well," said Miss Murray, "Ole Man Depression came along and jobs became scarce. It was the first time since I had started my career that I found it hard to make both ends meet. After quite a search, I got a job in a Long Island night club. One evening, Irvin Grayson and his wife happened to be there and "discovered" me. They both thought my voice would be effective on the radio. To tell the truth, I was kinda doubtful but after a long period of coaching and practicing on station KNEW, I confidently went to my audition at Columbia, and I don't know how it happened, but I just clicked."

Most of you have heard how Edith Murray did "click." She was voted the most popular blues singer on the Columbia Broadcasting chain.

Edith gets that certain feeling into her songs by making facial expressions. When the song she is singing is sad, her face gets long as an eight-day clock. When the song is peppy her whole face lights up and her entire body moves in rhythm to the music. And when it's a happy song, her face wears one big smile with both dimples showing.

Edith's a busy girl now. Broadcasting, vaudeville engagements, and now the movies. Is she happy? She'll say! Why when she was working on her Paramount "short," the director asked her to cry in one of the scenes and she was so overcome with emotion that she burst into real tears and heartbreaking sobs. This time her tears were for happiness because at last she was beginning to realize her life-long ambition to become a worthwhile star.

Real tears gave Edith Murray the blue notes which made her a star and her *reel* tears launched her on a successful movie career as the latest dispatches say she is now being coached for musical comedy movies.

At last Edith Murray is happy.

The Baron's Such a Liar

(*Continued from page 5*)

"Well, what do you do now that you're out of the Army and there are no more tigers left in Africa?"

"Oh," he said, "I read books."

"Been reading Longfellow?" I asked casually.

"No chust a leetle while," he shot back.

"You've been having a Dickens of a time, eh? Well, I don't believe you are in the least familiar with the classics. Can you name me eleven of Shakespeare's plays?"

"Dot's an easy one," said the Baron, "'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' und 'Der Merchant of Venus'"!

There was no use arguing.

"Where did you get your remarkable education, Baron?" I sparred.

"I vent to correspondence school until they caught me playing hookey. . . ."

"So you played hookey from correspondence school, eh? Do you mind telling me just how that would be accomplished?"

"Sure," said the Baron, "I sent in empty envelopes!"

"I see," I sneered, "and I suppose if you were a farmer you'd raise eggs without hens."

"Vass you dere, Jack? Then how did you know?"

"How did I know what? That you got eggs without hens?"

"Dot's chust what I did, Sharlie, I mean, Jack. I raised ducks!"

"Well, I don't like ducks, and I don't like eggs and I don't like chickens," I said desperately.

"Me, too," the Baron chimed briskly, "mein cousin Hugo's Aunt Minnie got poisoned from eating chicken."

"Croquette?" I erred in asking.

"Not yet, but she's pretty sick chust der same."

I just ignored this and went on:

"I had an Aunt Minnie, poor thing, she was killed in a feud."

"Dot's too bad," he sympathized, "Meinself I vould neffer ride in one of those cheap cars."

I made a lunge for the Baron with my razor, and narrowly escaped slitting my own throat. Now it was the Baron's turn to do some ignoring, and he tried to pacify me.

"Jack," he said, "you know me und you haff been together now for three years, vhy don't we haff a celebration —we'll kill der fatted calf . . ."

"Why murder a poor cow's baby for something that happened three years ago," I said bitterly, and the Baron cracked:

"Jack, you're getting chust like Sharlie, you try to put on der toppers! You know it's der Baron who makes der jokes!"

Well, Sir, the comparison between me and Charlie Hall infuriated me! Im-

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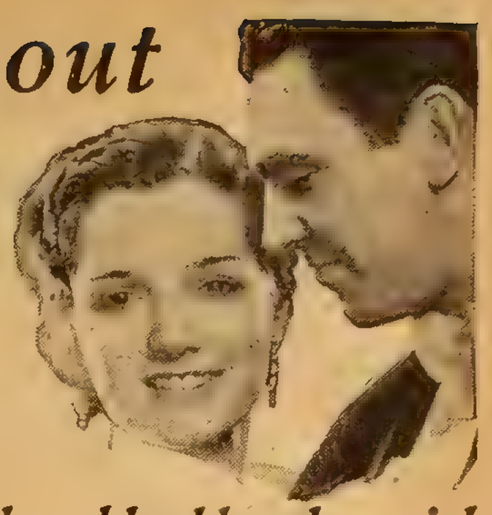

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agine the Baron's nerve making such comparisons! I flared up!

"If you want to know the truth, Mr. Baron Munchausen, you don't make the jokes, and neither do I, and neither does your palsy-walsy, Sharlie! All you do is say them. The fellow who makes the jokes is Billy Wells, and he makes 'em right in his Riverside penthouse, and between times he knocks out motion picture scenarios, and has done seven or eight books for George White's "Scandals." If it wasn't for Billy, you wouldn't be on the air, and neither would your cousin Hugo! So what have you got to say about that!"

He looked at me sadly, and shook his head.

"I'm suppressed at you, Jack," he said, "but if you vant for once der truth from der Baron all that stuff is chust another one of your superstitions."

I must have blushed a little, because I have my share of superstitions, and I'm sensitive about them. But I decided to put on a bold face.

"Vass you dere, Baron?" I mimicked, "So how do you know so much about superstitions?"

"Efferybody on Broadway knows dot you chingle like a baby's bank vhen you walk der street. Und efferybody knows dot it is because you haff in der pockets about fifty-five pins und nails, der pencil you used in der school-days, and a lot more chunk. Und efferybody knows dot if some choker spills a box of pins by you, you, schlmeil, got to pick them all up again. Und tell me, plizz, why if some jassack touch you on der ear, you haff to run after him until you touch his ear. Und vhen you get through explaining these things, maybe you tell us vhy der Baron's uniform must got to haff twenty-four medals on der chest. Und then . . ."

"Just a minute, Baron," I said, "I apologize to you. Maybe we're both a little screwy. I'm sure about you, and you seem to be sure about me. I'll admit all you say is true. But I've been in the theatrical business for twenty-four years, and each of those medals stands for one of them. Soon there'll be twenty-five. I admit I carry pins and nails and all sorts of charms in my pockets. But those are for luck, and believe it or not, there have been times when I was minus my luck pieces and ran into misfortune. I'd rather be safe than sorry. So, Baron, we both have our little idiosyncrasies. I'm superstitious, and you're a goddam liar. Let's call it quits. You lay off me, and I'll quit picking on you."

I turned from the mirror to extend the right hand of fellowship and friendship, but to my amazement the familiar face into which I had been gazing had disappeared. The Baron was gone!

Wouldn't you know he'd do that?

Chicago Breezes

(*Continued from page 51*)

It matters not how dark the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul.

(ORGAN UP AND FADE AS BACKGROUND)

KELLY: "The master of your fate . . . THE CAPTAIN OF YOUR SOUL . . . Yes . . . my friend—and NOW—LISTEN CLOSELY — WE HAVE GREAT NEWS. A NEW DEAL FOR YOU. Before you do another thing. Right now—you who wrote this letter to the Westerners. Go to your phone. Call Haymarket 7500. Radio Station WLS. Ask for Joe Kelly—or any of the Westerners. They'll tell you THE BIG NEWS . . . The news which you've been waiting to hear. THEY'LL put the sun back in the sky. You're not alone, my friend—for we're all with you . . .

(SONG) MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER (KALAR AND ORGAN)

Within ten minutes the writer of that letter was on the phone. Voice choked with emotion he talked with Announcer Joe Kelly. He went right down to the WLS studios, first making Joe promise to see him all alone. When he arrived Joe told him the sponsor of Westerners broadcasts on WLS were going to give him a job. And the refound man explained . . . the girl he was trying to save from suffering was his sister . . . who had been on the point of selling her fair young body to provide the two of them with food!

LIFE SAVERS? I'LL SAY THEY ARE! They deserve medals. But God will do better than that for these heroes.

* * *

MADAM X

Jolly little Irma Glen, the Chicago organist, has a sponsor for her programs. But you never hear any advertising on her "Lovable Music" concerts. You don't even hear the name of the sponsor. That program is put on for the special benefit of one person—and for the general benefit of all who love organ music. Let's go back to the days when NBC took over WENR. Let's call the sponsor Mme. X. For years she had tuned in Irma Glen's organ concerts. Then NBC took over the station and the Glen concerts were changed to a different time. Now Mme. X lives quite a ways from Chicago. She couldn't hear Irma well at the new time.

So Mme. X got on a train and came to Chicago. She went right up to the WENR studios. She went into the commercial department and signed a contract at the regular rates charged advertisers. She paid well to have Irma back on at the old time . . . the same old time at which Mme. X and Irma had first become acquainted . . . the time during which Mme. X had come to love Irma.

This idea of actually getting to love a person whose work you follow on the air regularly may sound silly. But it

isn't . . . specially if the one you loved most of all in life has passed on . . . and you are lonely in your great house filled with servants. Mme. X had plenty of money . . . but when has money ever overcome loneliness?

You can picture for yourself what happened . . . picture and pity at first then picture and respect at last. Came the death of the loved one. Passed months when life seemed all wrong, the sun no longer smiled, the great house was sepulchral. Developed the interest in Irma Glen's sweet organ concerts. Came the night when Mme. X first found something else in her spot on WENR, something strange—an intruder. She telephoned Chicago . . . and was told Irma would no longer be in that spot. It was almost like a second death.

Following the trip to Chicago . . . the signing of the contract . . . the monthly check which would buy a nice motor car but more important buys Mme. X Irma's organ concerts. If you've ever heard those Thursday night broadcasts called "Lovable Music" you may have noticed how intimate they are . . . just as if Irma was sitting right by you in your own parlor talking and playing. Yes, they are intimate. For Irma is talking to and playing for just one person . . . Mme. X. Of course Irma knows who Mme. X really is. I, too, have met the charming lady. But none of us will ever reveal her identity, spoil the illusion, break up the dream. No, no one would be that heartless.

* * *

SWEET LADY

One of the sweetest ladies in Chicago radio circles is Alice Mock who sings with Eddie Guest, Tom, Dick and Harry and Josef Koestner's orchestra on the Household programs Tuesday nights. She never tells you of the noble little things she does for other people. But sometimes you stumble onto one of them despite her modesty . . .

For instance there was the little girl who broke into print and pictures in Chicago newspapers. She was shining shoes on the loop sidewalks, competing with the street urchins for the nickels. She had tried for months to get a job. Couldn't. Broke. And after all, one must eat even if one must shine shoes on State Street to get the money for food. A few days after her story appeared in the papers this advertisement was printed:

> If the young lady who was shining shoes on Randolph Street will telephone State —— a secretarial position awaits her.
>
> Alice Mock.

* * *

MILSTEIN OR MILSTEIN

Carleton Smith, the music critic, Lawrence Tibbett, the singer, and two society ladies were lunching together in Chicago. Conversation turned to radio and one of the ladies remarked on a beautiful violin rendition of "The Flight of the Bumblebee" she had heard broadcast the night before. The other society lady said she too had heard it but didn't think it was so well done . . . that she had heard Nathan Milstein play it much better. The fellow they had heard broadcasting that selection happened to be Milstein himself although his name was kept secret on the broadcast! Something like the case of the artist who, before making his radio debut, had all his friends agree to wire congratulations to the radio station on having procured the services of such an excellent artist. It so happened his program was postponed a while at the last minute . . . but the congratulatory telegrams arrived all the same!

* * *

SEYMOUR SIMONS

Seymour Simons, the WGN and NBC orchestra leader who has been playing from the Blackhawk Cafe is one of the most charming individuals in the band business. He opens his programs by knocking on your door and asking if he and his boys may come in to visit you. It's a quaint and friendly touch which is bound to please. Wonder how many of you know Seymour composed many of the biggest tune hits written in recent years . . . such numbers as "Breezing Along with the Breeze," "Just Like a Gypsy," "Sweetheart of My Student Days," "Tie a Little String Around Your Finger," "All of Me," "The One I Love Can't be Bothered With Me" . . . You'll find a touch of pathos in his songs . . . the result of the death years ago of one whom he loved best of all in the world. It's tough to have your personal feelings aired for public curiosity —to have laughing girls humming and carefree boys whistling ditties written about your personal tragedies—but somehow the boys and girls in the entertainment business often find their sentiments crucified by those who stare at stars.

* * *

BASEBALL FAN

WGN's Announcer and Master of Ceremonies Pierre Andrew took his six year old son to the boy's first baseball game the other afternoon. But the main thing the child was interested in was the butchers who went up and down the aisles of the grandstand selling things. Finally, to keep the boy quiet so he could watch the game, Pierre had to buy him things. . . . First it was peanuts. Then pop corn. Then ice cream and finally lemonade. Pierre hoped he could watch the game in peace then. But no such luck. By then the boy's tummy was full and he was getting sleepy . . . So Pierre had to take him home at the end of the fifth inning!

* * *

EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Pat Flanagan's most embarrassing moment occurred not during a baseball game but on a farm broadcast. Pat was reading a speech by the secretary of agriculture. The studio doors were closed and the corridor guarded . . . supposedly. The door opened and Pat glanced up into the face of a perfectly strange woman.

"Mister, don't you want to buy some hand knitted ties?" she asked en-

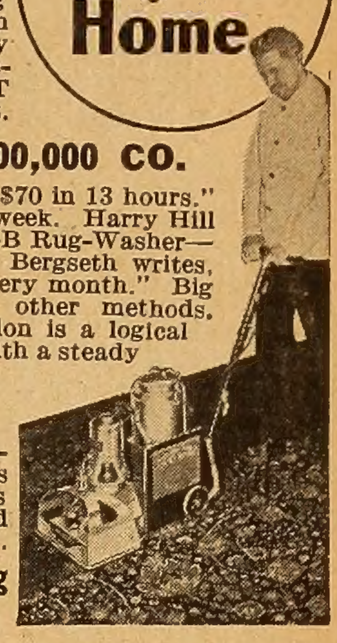
$200 1st Week in Own Business

Profits Pay for Home

Why work for others when you can become independent in a highly profitable business of your own? Many are earning quick, easy profits cleaning carpets and rugs, like new, on customers' floors. Electricity does the work. No shop necessary. Customers REPEAT regularly. Send for booklet.

BACKED BY $58,000,000 CO.

F. E. Bonner writes, "Made $70 in 13 hours." L. A. Eagles took in $200 first week. Harry Hill writes, "Paid for home with H-B Rug-Washer—earned $86 first day." C. R. Bergseth writes, "My profits run about $400 every month." Big profits at prices lower than other methods. Every home, office or institution is a logical customer. *A proven* business with a steady demand for your service.



EASY TERMS!

Free illustrated booklet explains payment plan and tells how you can become prosperous in a permanent, year-around business. Send for it TODAY.

H-B Co., 6298 H-B Building
Racine, Wis.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 47, 254 W. 31 St., New York**

NOW-IT'S EASY!

"Banjo-Bill," that red-hot orchestra leader from Peoria, has written his easy new method . . . experts agree it will teach you to play the banjo without expensive lessons. No notes to master—in a short time you can entertain your friends and then earn easy money teaching others! Send $2.50 for complete course, with charts. If not satisfied return in a few days and you'll get your money back.

WILLIAM RICE,
1121 Jackson St., Peoria, Ill.

Love is not blind to Bad skin!

Russian Woman Chemist Develops Formula 89

KRASNO OIL (Formula 89) brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. This delicate oil, scientifically treated with rare Russian herbs, *penetrates, cleanses, nourishes and refines.* You will surprise your friends with your new beauty.

When you use Formula 89, you need no other beauty preparation. Large pores, wrinkles and shine disappear, dry and oily skins become normal.

Send $1 for a generous supply of this rare beauty oil. If you have a skin problem, write Madame Krasno for special instructions.

KRASNO 31 WEST 47TH ST. N.Y.

WIFE WINS FIGHT WITH KIDNEY ACIDS

Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity, due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, circulating thru system in 15 minutes, often giving amazing benefits in 24 to 48 hours. Try it under the fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. Cystex is only 75c at druggists.

tirely unaware of the fact she was on the air. Pat kept on reading the speech waving her away with his hand and trying to shut her up by signs. But she didn't catch on and before the rattled announcer could figure a way out of it her whole sales talk for the ties had gone out on the Columbia network.

* * *

Choral Director Noble Cain's first job was traveling . . . traveling to the pasture with the cow every day at five cents per travel.

* * *

Eddie Copeland, CBS-WBBM orchestra director, played saxophone with Sousa, Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman and Gus Edwards in years past and did the sax parts in Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "American in Paris" with the Chicago Symphony last summer.

Mac McCloud of the Sinclair Minstrels has been raising Scottie pups.

* * *

You'll never see Bill Hay without his pipe . . . even in the studio.

* * *

Bob Frost, son of the famous blind astronomer of Yerkes observatory, writes radio scripts in Chicago. The father writes him letters, despite his blindness, on ticker tape which must be unrolled to be read.

* * *

When Julius Rikk and his Royal Hungarian Orchestra opened at the Blackstone Hotel the WGN announcer had a tough time trying to pronounce "Gyonyoru Rozsam." Finally gave up in favor of a free translation "Beautiful Roses."

Because June Meredith's mother died Ireene Wicker, better known as the Singing Lady, took her place on a recent First Nighter broadcast.

* * *

When Clara, Lu and Em discovered they'd written a show several minutes too short Em filled in the time by talking about Junior's tonsils.

* * *

When Irene Beasley got a little rabbit she was afraid her dog, a cocker spaniel, might make it tough on the bunny. But the first thing the pup did was let Bre'r Rabbit eat his dinner.

* * *

A real estate salesman tried to sell Clyde Lucas, Terrace Garden orchestra leader, a dilapidated shack on the strength of all the fun Clyde could have putting it back into shape.

You Ask Her Another

(*Continued from page 26*)

influence in your radio work?

A. Of course, Rudy Vallee.

Q. If you could be somebody else who would you want to be?

A. I don't think I'd want to be anybody else but myself.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actor?

A. Clark Gable.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actress?

A. Joan Crawford.

Q. What is your hobby?

A. I just love going to the movies.

Q. What kind of food do you like best?

A. Mexican Chili.

Q. Are clothes important to you?

A. Very much so.

Q. Do you think, as many women do, that clothes make the woman?

A. Yes, I do, and also her make-up.

Q. What interests you most in a man?

A. His personality.

Q. If you couldn't continue in your radio work what would you do?

A. I'd go back home.

Q. What is the most interesting radio program you ever heard?

A. I can't think of any special one, but the Fleischmann hour always stands out as a most interesting program.

Q. Do you ever get lonely?

A. Hardly ever. My mother and brother are up North with me.

Q. What's your favorite song?

A. Right now it's "When a Woman Loves a man."

Q. What's your favorite sport?

A. I enjoy motor-boating.

Q. Have you reached the height of your ambition?

A. No, not yet. I think I have a long ways to go yet.

Q. Where do you think you're going from here?

A. I think I'm going higher in radio —at least I hope so.

In the Stars' Kitchens

(*Continued from page 4*)

stiff, and salt, and put in tray of refrigerator until it forms a mush. Remove and add peach pulp and lemon juice. Replace in ice chest and allow to finish freezing.

The welcome baritone voice of Phil Duey tells us he likes to putter around his home, but very seldom does this lead to the kitchen range. He knows you will like these Fried Apple Rings, especially when served with pork.

Fried Apple Rings

Core tart apples and pare. Cut into slices, about one-half inch thick. Saute in melted butter, or bacon fat turning the apple ring once. Fry until tender but not broken.

Jack Clemens likes his steak with fried onions, and he also finds Loretta's Cheese Fondue a happy luncheon dish. Jack sings and plays his guitar while Loretta plays the piano.

Cheese Fondue

1 cup scalded milk
1 cup soft stale bread crumbs
¼ pound yellow cheese
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites

Mix the milk, bread crumbs, butter, salt, and yellow cheese cut in small pieces in a bowl; add egg yolks that have been beaten until lemon colored. Beat egg whites until stiff, and cut and fold into the mixture. Put into buttered baking dish and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a 350° F. oven.

Next month we'll bring you more delectable dishes that have been concocted or tried out by radio celebrities in their culinary moments.

We'll catch the stars in their own kitchens, find out for you just what they eat to keep them in condition through those trying summer hours of rehearsals and at the mikes.

Glistening Hair for Summer Moons

(*Continued from page 48*)

of the hot summer sun.

For evening wear Paris has shown gowns that are of pastel shades that are light and colorful, and our hair is arranged for these fashions. It is kept sleek and simple. The coronet braids are especially flattering, giving height to the tiny girls, and attaining the effect of an ample amount of luxurious tresses. Painted hair for July and August is expected to be very popular.

In arranging your hair in a different style remember to do so according to your personality, coloring, and length of your features. A fashion that may make Ruth Etting more ravishing might be deadly wrong for you, so be certain to attain the best of your charm through your own magnetism.

No matter how pretty your frock, your hair must frame the perfect picture.

Savage excitement for lovely lips!

20¢
AT ALL LEADING 10c STORES

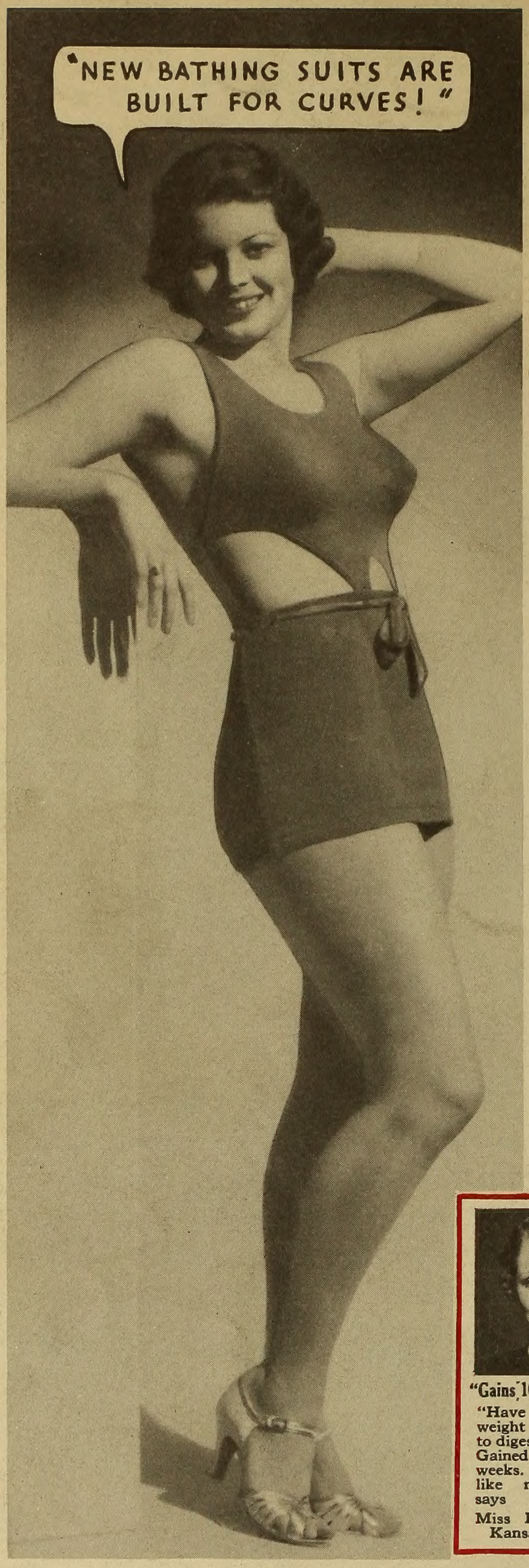
Want excitement? *Real* excitement? The kind that comes when admiring hearts beat to the thrilling tempo of the monsoon? You'll find it . . . for *your* lips . . . in the *iridescent*, savage hues of Savage . . . in the opal-clear, entirely pasteless transparency of the color thus imparted . . . in the never-compromising indelibility of Savage . . . in the utterly vanquishing softness that lips just naturally have, the longer Savage is used! Four really exciting shades . . . Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. Select the one best suited to your own enchantment by actually testing them all at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever Savage is sold.

SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR
In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . CHICAGO

Large Size Savage in exquisite silver case, at the more exclusive toilet goods counters $2

SAVAGE

THE NEW, REALLY TRANSPARENT, REALLY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK



Don't be a Scarecrow on the beach this summer!

GAIN 5 LBS. IN ONE WEEK OR NO COST!

Kelp-a-Malt—Natural Mineral Concentrate From the Sea . . Free from Drugs . . Rich in FOOD IODINE and Health Building Minerals Adds Firm Flesh—New Strength and Youthful Energy

"IT will be a week this noon since I began using Kelp-a-Malt and I have gained 5 pounds and feel much better."—T. W. H. . . . "Gained 5 pounds the first package. Am very much pleased." —D. E. G. . . . "Had stomach trouble for years. When I take Kelp-a-Malt I have a hearty appetite for everything and suffer no distress. Kelp-a-Malt has banished constipation, which I have had all my life."—W. D. C. . . "Gained 8 pounds with one package of Kelp-a-Malt and feel 100% better "—Mrs. W. J. S.

Just a few of the thousands of actual reports that are flooding in from all over the country telling us how this newer form of food iodine is building firm flesh strengthening the nerves, enriching the blood—nourishing vital glands and making weak, pale, careworn, underweight men and women look and feel years younger.

Scientists have recently discovered that the blood, liver and vital glands of the body contain definite quantities of iodine which heretofore has been difficult to obtain.

"Gains 10 lbs.-Feels Fine"

"Have been underweight for years due to digestive disorders. Gained 10 lbs. in few weeks. Now feel like new person," says

Miss Betty Noever
Kansas City, Mo.

Supplies Newer Form of FOOD IODINE

Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals, often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets.

Kelp-a-Malt, only recently discovered, is an amazingly rich source of food iodine along with practically every mineral essential to normal well-being. It is a sea vegetable concentrate taken from the Pacific Ocean and made available in palatable, pleasant-to-take tablet form. Six Kelp-a-Malt tablets provide more food iodine than 486 pounds of spinach, 1,600 pounds of beef, 1,387 pounds of lettuce. Three Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper for rich blood, vitality and strength than a pound of spinach, 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than 6 eggs, more phosphorous than a pound and a half of carrots—sulphur, sodium, potassium and other essential minerals.

Only when you get an adequate amount of these minerals can your food do you any good—can you nourish glands, add weight, strengthen your nerves, increase your vigor, vitality and endurance.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm flesh appear instead of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigor and vitality it brings you. It not only improves your looks, but your health as well. It corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas, indigestion and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the undernourished and the underweight disappear.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Prove the worth of this amazing weight builder today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of that time, if you have not gained at least 8 pounds, do not look better, feel better and have more endurance than ever before, send back the unused tablets and every penny of your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Introductory Offer

Don't wait any longer. Order Kelp-a-Malt today. Renew youthful energy, add flattering pounds this easy scientific way. Special short time introductory offer gives you 10-day trial treatment of Kelp-a-Malt for $1.00. Regular large size bottle (200 Jumbo size tablets) 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets for only $1.95, 600 tablets $4.95. postage prepaid. Plain wrapped. Sent C. O. D. 20c extra. Get your Kelp-a-Malt before this offer expires.

SEEDOL COMPANY,
Dept. 177 27-33 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen—Please send me postpaid
- ☐ 10 Day Trial Treatment, $1.00.
- ☐ 200 Jumbo size Kelp-a-Malt tablets, $1.95.
- ☐ 600 Jumbo size Kelp-a-Malt tablets. Price $4.95. (Check amount wanted.)

for which enclosed find.....
C. O. D. 20c extra.

Name.....

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KELP-A-MALT *Tablets*

Fine for children too—Improves their appetites

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